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THE

SKETCHBOOK



BEING

an Elegant Collection of

the BEST and NEWEST SONGS in the

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora

Virgil. Georgicon. I.

L O N D O N.

Printed for Vernor & Hood, J. Wallis & Crosby & Letterman.

46.
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THE
SKY LARK.

==
SEA SONG



DADDY Neptune one day, to Freedom
did say,
If ever I liv'd on dry land,
The spot I should hit on, wou'd be little
Britain,
Says Freedom, why that's my own Island;
O what a snug little Island!
A right little tight little Island!
All the globe round,
None can be found,
So happy as this little Island.

Julius Cæsar the Roman, who yielded to no
man,
Came by water—he cou'd'nt come by land;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their names turn'd
their backs on,
And all for the sake of our Island!

B

Oh

27

Oh what a snug little Island!
 They'd have a touch at the Island!
 Some were shot dead,
 Some of them fled,
 And some stay'd to live in the Island.

Then a very great war-man, call'd Billy the
 Norman,
 Cried, d—n it, I never lik'd my land,
 It would be much more handy to leave this
 Normandy,
 And live on yon beautiful Island!
 Says he, 'tis a snug little Island;
 Shan't us go visit the Island?—
 Hop, skip, and jump,
 There he was plump,
 And he kick'd up a dust in the Island.

But party deceit helpt the Normans to beat,
 Of traitors they manag'd to buy land,
 By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we ne'er should be
 lick'd
 Had they stuck to the king of their Island.
 Poor Harold the king of the Island!
 He lost both his life and his Island!
 That's very true,
 What could he do?
 Like a Briton he died for his Island!

The Spanish Armada set out to invade her,
 Quite sure if they ever come nigh land,
 They could'nt do less than tuck up Queen
 Bess,
 And take their full swing in the Island.

Oh

Oh the poor Queen and the Island!
The drones came to plunder the Island!
But snug in the hive,
The Queen was alive,
And *buz* was the word at the Island.

These proud puff'd-up cakes thought to make
ducks and drakes
Of our wealth; but they scarcely could spy
land,
E'er our Drake had the luck to make their
pride duck,
And stoop to the lads of the Island.
Huzza for the lads of the Island!
The good wooden walls of the Island!
Devil or Don,
Let 'em come on,
But how would they come off at the
Island?

Then Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept
tune
In each saying this shall be my land,
Should the Army of England, or all they could
bring, land,
We'd show 'em some play for the Island!
We'll fight for our right to the Island!
We'll give them enough of the Island!
Frenchmen should just,
Bite at the dust,
But not a bit more of the Island.

’T WAS Saturday night, the twinkling stars
Shone on the rippling sea :
No duty call’d the jovial tars,
The helm was lash’d a-lee.
The ample can adorn’d the board,
Prepar’d to see it out,
Each gave the lass that he ador’d
And push’d the grog about.
And push’d, &c.

Cried honest Tom, my Peg I’ll toast,
A frigate neat and trim,
All jolly Portsmouth’s favourite boast :
I’d venture life and limb,
Sail seven long years, and ne’er see land,
With dauntless heart and stout,
So tight a vessel to command :
Then push the grog about.

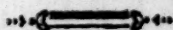
I’ll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,
Sailing in comely state,
Top ga’nt-sails set she is so tall,
She looks like a first-rate.
Ah ! would she take her Jack in tow,
A voyage for life throughout,
No better birth I’d wish to know :
Then push the grog about.

I’ll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
Trim, handsome, neat, and tight.
What joy, so neat a ship to man !
Oh ! she’s my heart’s delight.

So

So well she bears the storms of life,
I'd sail the world throughout,
Brave every toil for such a wife :
Then push the grog about.

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his best manner tried,
Till summon'd by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied :
Yet still did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out ;
For in soft visions gentle sleep
Still push'd the grog about.



TIGHT lads have I sail'd with, but none
e'er so sightly
As honest Bill Bobstay, so kind and so true :
He'd sing like a mermaid, and foot it so lightly,
The forecastle's pride, the delight of the crew :
But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters
He went, tho' his fortune was kind without end.
For money, cried Bill, and them there sort of
matters,
For money, cried Bill, and them there sort of
matters,
What's the good on't, d'ye see, but to succour
a friend ?

There's Nipcheese, the purser, by grinding and
squeezing,
First plundering, then leaving the ship like a rat ;
The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,
And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat.

My bark, though hard storms on life's ocean
 should rock her,
 Tho' she roll in misfortune, and pitch end
 for end,
 No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
 When by handing it out he can succour a
 friend.

For money, &c.

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, spight
 of the crosses,
 And forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore,
 That "Sailors at sea earn their money like
 horses,
 "To squander it idly like asses ashore."
 Such lubbers their aw would coil up, could
 they measure,
 By their feeling, the gen'rous delight without
 end,
 That gives birth in us tars to that truest of plea-
 sure,
 The handing our rhino to succour a friend.
 For money, &c.

Why, what's all this nonsense they talks of,
 and pother
 All about *rights of men*, what a plague are
 they at?
 If they means that each man to his messmate's
 a brother,
 Why, the lubberly swabs! ev'ry fool can tell
 that.

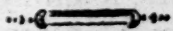
The

The rights of us Britons we know to be loyal,
In our country's defence our last moments to
spend:

To fight up to the ears to protect the blood
royal,

To be true to our wives—and to succour a
friend.

For money, &c.



TWAS post meridian, half past four,

By signal I from Nancy parted;

At six she linger'd on the shore,

With unlift hands and broken hearted;

At sev'n, while taught'ning the fore-stay,

I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;

At eight we all got under weigh,

And bade a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,

When careless sailors, ever cheery,

On the mid-watch so jovial sung,

With tempers labour cannot weary.

I little to their mirth inclin'd,

While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,

And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,

Look'd on the moon, and thought on Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night,

When ev'ry true-bred tar carouses,

When o'er the grog all hands delight,

To toast their sweet-hearts and their spouses.

Round went the can, the mirth, the glee,
While tender wishes fill'd each fancy;
And, when in turn it came to me,
I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four;
At six the elements in motion
Plung'd me and three poor sailors more
Headlong into the foaming ocean.
Poor wretches, they soon found their graves;
For me, it may be only fancy,
But love seem'd to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd
And dauntless we prepar'd for battle.
And now, while some lov'd friend or wife
Like light'ning rush'd on ev'ry fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A.M. discover'd day,
And England's chalky cliffs together.
At sev'n, up channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears possess'd my fancy;
At twelve, I gaily jump'd on-shore,
And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

Oh,

O H, think on my fate ! once I freedom enjoy'd,

Was as happy as happy could be,
But pleasure is fled ! even hope is destroy'd,
A captive alas ! on the sea.

I was ta'en by the foe, 'twas the fiat of fate,
To tear me from her I adore,
When thought brings to mind my once happy
estate,
I sigh ! while I tug at the oar.

Hard, hard, is my fate ! Oh how galling my
chain !

My life's steer'd by misery's chart ;
And though 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to com-
plain,

Tears gush forth to ease my full heart,
I disdain e'en to shrink, tho' I feel sharp the
lash ;

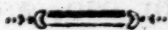
Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore,
While around me the unfeeling billows will
dash,
I sigh ! and still tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives ; I had pleasure in
tow,

The port where she dwelt we'd in view ;
But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'er-clouded
with woe

And dear Anna ! I hurried from you.

Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,
 To behold my dear Anna no more,
 But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels
 decay,
 He sigh'd and expir'd at the oar.



WHEN angry nations rush to arms,
 And dare Britannia's peace molest;
 While discord sounds her dire alarms,
 And fills with rage each hostile breast;
 The gallant tar, at honor's call,
 Springs forth to meet his country's foes,
 And fix'd to conquer or to fall,
 His breast with martial ardour glows.

Behold him in the dreadful scene
 Where heroes fall to rise no more;
 He braves his fate with dauntless mien,
 And bids the thund'ring cannons roar.
 No fears appal his manly mind;
 Or, if perchance he heaves a sigh,
 'Tis for a girl he left behind:—
 A sailor never fears to die.

In honour's deathless page enroll'd,
 Conspicuous shines the sailor's name,
 The guardian of his native land,
 Whose bosom nobly pants for fame.
 On them the British fair bestow
 The choicest smiles, their favours sweet,
 When crown'd with laurels from the foe,
 They lay their wreathes at beauty's feet.

I BE

I BE one of the sailors who think 'tis no lie,
That for every wherefore in life there's a
why ;

That, be fortune's strange weather a frown or
a squall,

Our lives, good or bad, are chalk'd out for
us all ;

That the stays and the braces of life will be
found

To be some of them rotten, and some of them
sound :

That the good we should cherish, the bad ne-
ver seek,

For death will too soon bring each anchor
a-peak.

When astride on the yard, the top-lifts they
let go,

And I came like a shot plump among them
below,

Why I catch at a halyard, and jump'd upon
deck,

And so broke my fall to save breaking my neck ;

Just like your philosophers, for all their jaw,

Who, less than a rope, gladly catch at a straw.

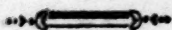
Thus the good, &c.

Why now that there cruise that we made off
the banks,

Where I pepper'd the foe, and got shot for
my thanks ;

What then? she soon struck; and though
 crippled on shore,
 And laid up to refit, I had shiners galore.
 At length 'live and looking I try'd the false main,
 And to get more prize-money got shot at again:
 Thus the good, &c.

Then just as it comes, take the bad with the
 good;
 One man's spoon's made of silver, another
 of wood;
 What's poison for one man's another man's
 balm;
 Some are safe in a storm, and some lost in a
 calm;
 Some are rolling in riches, some not worth a
 souse;
 To-day we eat beef, and tomorrow lob's
 scouse:
 Thus the good, &c.



COME all hands, ahoy, to the anchor,
 From friends and relations to go,
 Poll blubbers and cries—devil thank her!
 She'll soon take another in tow.
 This breeze like the Old One will kick us
 About on the boisterous main:
 And one day, if death does not trick us,
 perhaps we may come back again.

With

With a will-ho then pull away, jolly boys!
 At the mercy of fortune we go,
 We are in for't; then dam'me, what folly boys
 For to be down-hearted, yo-ho!

Our boatswain take care of the rigging,
 More 'specially when he gets drunk;
 The bobstays supply him with swigging,
 He the cable cuts up for old junk;
 The studding-sail serves for his hammock,
 With the clue-lines he bought him his call,
 While ensigns and jacks in a mammoth
 Are sold to buy trinkets for Poll.—

With a will-ho, &c.

Of the purser this here is the maxim—
 Slops, grog, and provision he sacks;
 How he'd look if you were but to ax him
 With the captain's clerk who 'tis goes snacks!
 Oh! he'd find it another-guess story,
 That would bring his bare back to the cat,
 Should his majesty's honour and glory
 Just only be told about that.—

With a will-ho, &c.

The chaplain's both holy and godly,
 And sets us for heaven agog:
 Yet, to my mind, he looks rather oddly
 When he's swearing and drinking of grog.
 When he took on his knee Betty Bowser,
 And talk'd of her beauty and charms,
 Cry'd I, "Which is the way to heav'n now
 sir?"

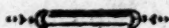
"You dog," says the chaplain, "her arms!"

With a will-ho, &c.

The

The gunner's a dev'l of a bubber,
 The carpenter can't fish a mast,
 The surgeon's a lazy land-lubber,
 The master can't steer if he's ask't;
 The lieutenants conceit are wrapp'd in,
 The mates hardly merit their flip,
 And there's never a swab but the captain
 Knows the stem from the stern of the ship.—
 With a will-ho, &c.

Now fore and aft having abus'd 'em,
 Just all for my fancy and gig,
 Could I find any one that ill-us'd 'em,
 Dam'me but I tickle his wig!—
 Jack never was known for a railer;
 'Twas fun ev'ry word that I spoke;
 For the sign of a true hearted sailor
 Is—to give and to take a good joke.—
 With a will-ho, &c.



A PLAGUE of those musty old lubbers,
 Who tell us to fast and to think,
 And with patience fall in with life's rubbers,
 With nothing but water to drink:
 A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,
 'Twould have set them with pleasure agog,
 And, spite of the rules
 Of the schools,
 The old fools
 Would all of 'em swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.
 My

My father, when last I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cry'd Jack, never be such a ninny
To drink—said I, daddy your health :
So I shew'd him the stuff and he twigg'd it,
And it set the old codger agog,
And he swigg'd, and mother,
And sister, and brother,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.
T'other day as the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiously slunk,
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk,
I shew'd him the stuff and he twigg'd it,
And it soon set his rev'ence agog,
And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it
And swore there was nothing like grog.
Then trust me, there's nothing like drinking,
So pleasant on this side the grave ;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave ;
As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff has so set me agog,
Sick or well, late and early,
Wind foully or fairly,
Helm a-lee or a-weather,
For hours together,
I've constantly swigg'd it,
And, dam'me, there's nothing like grog.
FOR

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
 And scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd ;
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 By the deep NINE !

And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well known object kept in view ;
 An abbey-tow'r, an harbour fort,
 Or beacon, to the vessel true :
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 By the mark SEVEN.

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof,
 Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof:
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 Quarter less FIVE !



I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
 My jib, how she smack'd thro' the breeze,
 She's a vessel as tight to my fancy,
 As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
 Then adieu to the white cliffs of Briton,
 Our girls and our dear native shore,
 For if some hard rock we should split on,
 We ne'er should see them any more.

But

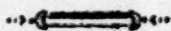
But sailors are born for all weathers,
Great guns, let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gales drives we must go.
When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk;
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yaw'd just as though she was drunk.
The squall tore the main-sail to shivers.
Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries,
Brace the fore-sail athwart, see, she quivers,
As thro' the rough tempest she flies.
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky:
When truly a doleful disaster,
Beset three poor sailors and I,
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Hand-
sail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the main-sail,
Were every soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cry'd peccavi,
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
Well, what would ye have, we were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew,
Of three hundred that sail'd never landed
But I, and I think, twenty-two.
But sailors, &c.

After

After thus we at sea had miscarry'd,
 Another guess way set the wind,
 For to England I came and got marry'd
 To a lass that is comely and kind;
 But whether for joy or vexation,
 We know not for what we were born,
 Perhaps I may find a kind station,
 Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
 But sailors, &c.



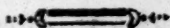
HERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broach'd him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft,
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare,
 His friends were many, and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair;
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;
 Ah! many's the time and oft!
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When he who all commands
 Shall give to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.

Thus

Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd :
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.



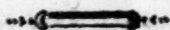
WHEN in war on the ocean, we meet the
proud foe,
'Tho' with ardour for conquest our bosoms
may glow ;
Let us see on their vessels old England's flag
wave,
They shall find British sailors but conquer to
save.

See their tri-colour'd ensigns we view from
afar,
With three cheers they are welcom'd by each
British tar ;
While the genius of Britain still bids us ad-
vance,
Our guns hurl in thunders defiance to France.

But mark the last broadside ;—she sinks, down
she goes ;
Quickly man all your boats, they no longer
are foes ;
To snatch a brave fellow from a wat'ry grave,
Is worthy of Britons—who conquer to save.

Happy

Happy land ! thou hast now in defence of thy
rights,
Brave NELSON, who the man and the hero
unites ;
The friend to the wretched : the boast of the
brave ;
He lives but to conquer, and conquers to save.



THE Yarmouth Roads are right a head,
The crew with ardour burning,
Jack sings out, as he heaves the lead,
On tack and half tack turning,
By the dip—Eleven !
Lash'd in the chains, the line he coils,
Then round his head 'tis swinging,
And thus to make the land he toils,
In numbers quaintly singing,
By the mark—Seven !
And now, lest we run bump ashore,
He heaves the lead, and sings once more,
Quarter less—Four ?
About ship, lads ! tumble up there ; can't
you see ?
Stand by well, hark, hark, helm's alee !
Here she comes ; up tacks and sheets : haul
mainsail, haul ;
Haul aft all :
And as the long lost shore they view,
Exulting shout the happy crew ;
Each singing, as the sails he furls,
Hey for the fiddles and the girls !

The

The next tack, we run out to sea,
Old England scarce appearing;
Again we tack; and Jack with glee,
Sings out, as land we're nearing,
And a half—Eleven!
And as they name some beauty near,
To tars, of bliss the summit;
Jack joins the jest, the jibe, the jeer,
And heaves the pond'rous plummet:
By the mark—Seven!
And now, while dang'rous breakers roar,
Jack cries, lest we run bump ashore,
Quarter less—Four!
About ship, &c.

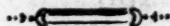
Thus tars at sea, like swabs at home,
By tack and tack are bias'd:
The furthest way about we roam,
To bring us home the nighest:
By the dip—Eleven!
For one tack more, and 'fore the wind,
Shall we, in a few glasses,
Now make the land, both true and kind,
To find our friends and lasses,
By the mark—Seven!
Then heave the lead, my lad, once more,
Soon shall we gaily tread the shore:
And a half—Four!
About ship, &c.

O YOU

O YOU, whose lives on land are pass'd,
 And keep from dangerous seas aloof;
 Who careless listen to the blast,
 Or beating rains upon the roof;
 You little heed how seamen fare—
 Condemn'd the angry storm to bear.

Sometimes, while breakers vex the tide,
 He takes his station on the deck;
 And now, lash'd o'er the vessel's side,
 He clears away the cumb'ring wreck;
 Yet, while the billows o'er him foam,
 The ocean is his only home!

Still fresher blows the midnight gale!
 All hands, reef top-sails, are the cries!
 And, while the clouds the Heavens veil,
 Aloft to reef the sails he flies!
 In storms so rending, doom'd to roam,
 The ocean is the seaman's home.



'T WAS near a rock within a bay
 Where many a shatter'd vessel rides.
 An ample cottage sheltered lay,
 Which overlook'd the ebbing tides.
 Its calm inhabitants would view
 The ocean struggling with the sky
 Whene'er the northern tempest blew,
 Or when each wave ran mountains high.

Once,

Once, at the closing of the day,
 When angry boreas, in his rage,
 Had clear'd the dark'ning clouds away
 That caus'd a thund'ring war to wage,—
 A shipwreck'd sea-boy, pale and spent
 With buffetting the threat'ning waves,
 Straight to the peaceful cottage went,
 And, bending low, for succour craves.
 He told his tale with feeble voice,
 For he'd a heart that could not feign ;
 The list'ning hearers all rejoice
 That he was safe on land again.
 The parents and the children strove
 Who now should first his wants supply.
 While pity caus'd each heart to move,
 And sympathy fill'd ev'ry eye.
 The cann was fill'd, the fire was made,
 To cheer and dry their drenched guest,
 For each brought something to his aid,
 And anxiously the boy caress'd.
 At length reviv'd, express'd his mind,
 And shew'd his gratitude so plain,
 Forgot the thunder and the wind,
 Resolv'd to try the sea again.

THE goddess of war threw her spear on
 the ground,
 And peace wav'd her olive-branch gracefully
 round ;
 A stillness now reign'd o'er the wide-spreading
 main,
 The syrens began a melodious strain ;

The

The shipwrecked sea boy his troubles forgot,
The yawn of the waves and the whistling
shot;

His dear native home pressed strong on his
mind;

His parents so loving, his sisters so kind.

Then hurried on, with his heart all elate,
To embrace them all round, and his story
relate;

His hard-earned wages he long'd to divide,
'Mongst those that he lov'd, by his own fire-
side.

But, when he arriv'd, say, what pen can ex-
press

The genial delight, the joy in excess!
So welcome at home was this brave little
guest,

You'd have thought that their welcomes would
never have ceas'd.

He hail'd every one, and he smil'd with such
glee:—

Cry'd hold out you hands, take this present
from me,

A fine silken 'kerchief each neck to enfold;
But gave to his parents a purse full of gold.

The fidler was sent for that liv'd on the green;
Such dancing and romping sure never was
seen.

They gambol'd till Phœbus peep'd over the
shed,

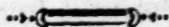
Then kissing, and blessing, went peaceful to
bed.

ESCAP'D

SEA SONGS.

ESCAP'D, with life, in tatters,
 Behold me safe ashore,
 Such trifles little matters,
 I'll soon get togs galore,
 For Poll swore when we parted,
 No chance her faith should jar,
 And Poll's too tender hearted
 To slight a shipwreck'd tar.
 To Poll his course strait steering,
 He hastens on apace,
 Poor Jack can't get a hearing—
 She never saw his face;
 From Meg and Doll, and Kitty,
 Relief is just as far,
 Not one has the least pity
 For a poor shipwreck'd tar.
 This, whom he thought love's needle,
 Now his sad misery mocks,
 That wants to call the beadle
 To set him in the stocks :
 Cried Jack, this is hard dealing—
 The elements at war,
 Than this, had kinder feeling,
 They spar'd the shipwreck'd tar.
 But all their taunts and fetches
 A judgment are on me,
 I for these harden'd wretches,
 Dear Nancy, slighted thee;
 But see, poor Tray assails me,
 His mistress is not far,
 He wags his tail and hails me,
 Though a poor shipwreck'd tar.

'Twas faithful love that brought him,
 Oh! lesson for mankind,
 'Tis one, cried she, I taught him,
 For on my constant mind
 Thy image dear was graven,
 And now remov'd each bar,
 My arms shall be the haven
 For my poor shipwreck'd tar.
 Heaven and my love reward thee,
 I'm shipwreck'd, but I'm rich,
 All shall with pride regard thee,
 Thy love shall so bewitch :
 With wonder each fond fancy,
 That children near and far,
 Shall lisp the name of Nancy,
 That sav'd the shipwreck'd tar.



TIS said we vent'rous die hard, when we
 leave the shore,
 Our friends shall mourn,
 Lest we return,
 To bless their sight no more :
 But this is all a notion,
 Bold Jack can't understand,
 Some die upon the ocean,
 And some upon the land :
 Then since 'tis clear,
 Howe'er we steer,
 No man's life's under his command ;
 Let tempests howl,
 And billows roll,
 And dangers press :

Of

SEA SONGS.

Of those in spight, there are some joys
Us jolly tars to bless,
For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
To Drink to Poll and Bess.

One seaman hands the sail, another heaves the
log,

The purser swops
Our pay for slops,
The landlord sells us grog :
Then each man to his station,
To keep life's ship in trim,
What argues noration ?
The rest is fortune's whim :
Cheerly, my hearts,
Then play your parts,
Boldly resolv'd to sink or swim ;
The mighty surge
May ruin urge,
And dangers press :
Of those in spight, &c.

For all the world's just like the ropes aboard a
ship,

Each man's rigg'd out,
A vessel stout,
To take for life a trip :
The shrouds, the stays, and braces,
Are joys, and hopes, and fears,
The halyards, sheets, and traces,
Just as each passion veers ;

THE SKY LARK.

And whim prevails,
Direct the sails,
As on the sea of life he steers :
Then let the storm,
Heav'ns face deform,
And dangers press :
Of those in spight, &c.

WOULD you know, pretty Nan, how
we pass our time.

While we sailors are toss'd on the sea ;
Why, believe me, my girl, in each season
and clime,

True-hearted and merry we be.
Tho' tempests may blow, still unmindful of
care,

So the fiddles but strike up a bar,
Why we sing, and we dance, toast our sweet-
hearts, and swear,
All on board of a man of war.

Shou'd the foe bear in sight, and all hands
call'd on deck,

Don't think jolly sailors are cow'd,
No—we'll teach them the old British flag to
respect,

And bid them defiance aloud ;
Then to it like lions perhaps we may go,
What then do we whine at a scar,

No—we sing and we fight 'till we take her in
tow,

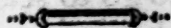
All on board of a man of war.

As

As for this thing and that, which the lubbers
on shore,

Wou'd fain make our lasses believe,
Why, d'ye see, it's palaver, my girl, nothing
more,

So Nan, pretty Nan, do not grieve.
No danger can ever our courage affright,
Or shake the true love of a tar,
In wherever steering we still feel delight,
All on board of a man of war.



YOU gentlemen of England, who live at
home at ease,

Ah! little do you think upon the dangers of
the seas;

Give ear unto the mariners, and they will
plainly show

All the cares and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us when England is at wars
With any foreign nations, we fear no wounds
or scars;

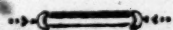
Our roaring guns shall teach them our valour
for to know,

Whilst they reel on the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage all brave mariners, and never be
afraid,

Whilst we have bold adventurers, we ne'er shall
want a trade;

Our merchants will employ us to bring them
 wealth we know,
 Then be bold, work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.



YOUNG William was a seaman true,
 The darling of the bonny crew,
 For blythe he was and kind;
 For tho' no lagging lubber he,
 Right loth he was to go to sea,
 For Jane he left behind.

And Jenny lov'd, but all by stealth,
 Her father had much store of wealth,
 Of Will he would not hear;
 Till cruel chance at length reveal'd
 The passion they so long conceal'd,
 And William lost his dear.

A friendly voice poor William hail'd,
 A ruffian gang the youth assail'd,
 'Twas done by cursed gold;
 The tender for the offing stood,
 The cutter skim'd the yielding flood,
 They hatch him in the hold,

She troubl'd walks the beach in haste,
 And troubl'd look'd the wat'ry waste,
 And by the floating wave
 A corpse was wash'd upon the shore,
 'Twas William! and with tears they bore
 Two lovers to the grave.

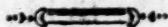
DEAR

DEAR Nancy I've sailed the world all
around,
And seven long years been a royer,
To make for my charmer each shilling a pound,
But now my hard perils are over;
I've sav'd from my toils many hundreds in
gold,
The comforts of life to beget,
I've borne in each climate the heat and the
cold,
And all for my pretty Brunette.
Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me.

Tho' others may boast of more riches than
mine,
And rate my attractions e'en fewer,
At their jeers and ill-nature I'll scorn to repine,
Can they boast of a heart that is truer;
Or, will they for thee plough the hazardous
main,
Brave the seasons both stormy and wet?
If not, why I'll do it again and again,
And all for my pretty Brunette.
Then say, my sweet girl, &c.

When order'd afar, in pursuit of the foe,
I sigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
Which fain would persuade me I might be laid
low;
And, ah! never more see my Nancy;

But hope, like an angel, soon banish'd the
 thought,
 And bade me such nonsense forget,
 I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
 And all for my pretty Brunette.
 Then say, my sweet girl, &c.



COME, never seem to mind it,
 Nor count your fate a curse,
 However sad you find it,
 Yet somebody is worse ;
 In danger some must come off short,
 Yet why should we despair,
 For tho' bold tars are fortune's sport,
 They still are fortune's care.

Why, when our vessel blew up,
 A fighting that there don,
 Like squibs and crackers flew up
 The crew, each mother's son ;
 They sunk, some rigging stopt me short,
 While twirling in the air,
 And thus, if tars, &c.

Young Peg of Portsmouth Common
 Had like to have been my wife,
 Long side of such a woman
 I'd led a pretty life ;
 A landsman, one Jem Davenport,
 She convoyed to Horn Fair,
 And thus, tho' tars, &c.

Scarce

SEA SONGS.



A splinter knock'd my nose off,
My bowsprit's gone! I cries,
Yet well it kept their blows off,
Thank God, 'twas not my eyes;
Chance, if it again sends that sort,
Let's hope I've had my share,
Thus, if bold tars, &c.

Scarce with these words I'd outed,
Glad for my eyes and limbs,
When a cartridge burst, and douted
Both my two precious glims;
Well then, they're gone, I cry'd, in short,
Yet fate my life did spare,
And thus, tho' tars, &c.

I'm blind, and a cripple,
Yet cheerfully wou'd sing,
Were my disasters triple,
'Cause why, 'twas for my King;
Besides each Christian exhort,
Pleas'd with some pittance spare,
And thus, tho' tars are fortune's sport,
They still are fortune's care.



THE breeze was fresh, the ship in stays,
Each breaker hush'd, the shore a haze,
When Jack no more on duty call'd,
His true love's token overhaul'd;
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto writ so fair,

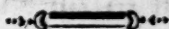
Upon his 'bacco box he views,
Nancy the poet, love the muse,
If you loves me as I love you,
No pair so happy as we two.

The storm, that like a shapeless wreck,
Had strew'd with rigging all the deck ;
That tars for sharks had given a feast,
And left the ship a hulk, had ceas'd ;
When Jack, as with his messmates dear,
He shar'd the grog, their hearts to cheer,
Took from his 'bacco box a quid,
And spelt for comfort on the lid—
If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two.

The battle, that with horror grim,
Had madly ravag'd life and limb,
Had scuppers drench'd with human gore,
And widow'd many a wife, was o'er ;
When Jack to his companion dear
First paid the tribute of a tear,
Then as his 'bacco box he held,
Restor'd his comfort as he spell'd—
If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two.

The voyage that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward,
That brought each sailor to his friend,
Happy and rich, was at an end ;

Where Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the shore,
He then the 'bacco box display'd,
And cry'd, and seiz'd the charming maid—
If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two.



SWEET is the ship that's under sail,
Spreads her wide bosom to the gale,
Sweet, O sweet's the flowing can;
Sweet to poise the labouring oar,
That tugs us to our native shore,
When the boatswain pipes the barge to man;
Sweet sailing with a flowing breeze,
But O much sweeter than all these
Is Jack's delight, his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the North,
To show of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man;
The needle time may rust, a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can;
My love in worth shall higher rise,
No time shall rust, nor squall capsize
My faith and truth for lovely Nan.

When in the bilbows I was penn'd,
For serving oft a worthless friend,
And every creature from me ran;
No ship performing quarantine
Was ever so deserted seen,

None hail'd me, woman, child, or man,
 But tho' false friendship's sails were furl'd,
 Tho' cut adrift from all the world,
 I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
 Love truth and merit to defend,
 To moan their loss who hazard ran ;
 I love to take an honest part,
 Love beauty and a spotless heart,
 By manners love to shew the man ;
 To sail thro' life by honour's breeze,
 It was all along of loving these
 First made me doat on lovely Nan.

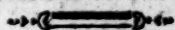


WHEN Britain on her sea-girt shore,
 Her white-robed Druids first address'd :
 What aid, she cried, shall I implore,
 What blest defence—by numbers press'd ?
 Hostile nations round thee rise,
 The mystic Oracles reply'd,
 And view'd thine Isle with envious eyes !
 Their threats defy, their rage decide ;
 Nor fear Invasion from your adverse Gauls,
 Britain's best bulwarks are her Wooden Walls,

Thine oaks descending to the main,
 With floating forts shall stem the tides,
 Asserting Briton's liquid reign,
 Where'er her thund'ring navy rides ;

Nor

Nor less to peaceful arts inclin'd,
 Where commerce opens all her stores,
 In social bands shall lead mankind,
 And join the sea-divided shores :
 Spread then thy sails where naval glory calls,
 Britain's best bulwarks are her Wooden Walls.
 Hail happy Isle, what though thy vales
 No vine impurpled tribute yield,
 Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,
 Nor crops spontaneous glad the field ;
 Yet Liberty rewards the toil
 Of industry, to labour prone,
 Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,
 And reaps the harvest he has sown :
 While other realms tyrannic sway enthral,
 Britain's best bulwarks are her Wooden Walls.
 Thus spake the bearded sire of old,
 In vision wrapt of Britain's fame,
 E'er yet Iberia felt her power,
 Or Gallia trembled at her name ;
 E'er yet Columbus dare to explore
 New regions rising from the main :
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
 Bear then, ye winds, in solemn strain,
 This sacred truth an awe-struck world appals,
 Britain's best bulwarks are her Wooden Walls,



COME listen, my Honies, awhile, if you
 please,
 And a comical story I'll tell soon,
 Of a tight little fellow that sail'd on the seas,
 And his name it was Admiral Nelson :

I am

I am sure you have all of you heard of his
fame,
How he fought like the devil wherever he
came.

Speaks—Aye the Dutch, Spaniards, and
French won't, well, they won't,
Have plenty of cause to remember the day
When first they saw Admiral Nelson.

His arm having lost at that damn'd Teneriffe,
Never mind it, says he, I'll get well soon;
I shall catch 'em one day, as you see, lads,
and if

They escape me, blame Admiral Nelson:
To doubt what I've promis'd, is mighty ab-
surd,
For I've left 'em my hand as a pledge of my
word.

Speaks.—Faith he did, arm and all; and
good security it was, for, as the
old proverb says,
One hand in the bush is worth two in the bird,
So success to brave Admiral Nelson.

At length, by my soul, it would make the dead
smile

Just to hear what Sir Horace befel soon;
The French took a trip to the banks of the
Nile,
To make work for brave Admiral Nelson:

Arah,

Arah, faith, he fell in with them close by the land,

And he stuck in their skirts as you'l soon understand.

Speaks.—Faith, it would make the very devil himself laugh,

To see how he lather'd the French with one hand,

Och! the world for brave Admiral Nelson.

On the first of sweet August, you know was the day,

As the boatmen of London can tell soon;
When for coat and for badge they all row'd away,
Little thinking of Admiral Nelson;

Who then won a badge of so brilliant a cast,
That its mem'ry with Britons will never go past.

Speaks.—And every first of August, while the health of Nelson floats on the glass, may the liquor be enriched with a tear to the memory of those brave fellows who fell in the action; and come as many first of Augusts as there will,

There's no first of August will e'er beat the last,
When the French struck to Admiral Nelson.

COME, Poll, cease to patter, and hand me some grog,

Why Lord help the poor silly wench;

Ha'n't you heard as how that brave Nelson at last
Has grappled the whole of the French;

What

What heart in the kingdom can now feel dismay,

Nine sail of the line's not amiss :
While they shrugg'd up their shoulders and
snuff'd it away,

How the Monsieurs all jabber'd at this.
Then while English bosoms boast English
hearts,

We'll give them all round a touch ;
While with ardour each starts, that nothing
can quench,

We'll bang the Spaniards, belabour the
Dutch,
And cut up and laugh at the French.

Let the rulers of France lay together their
heads,

And of beating the English brag,
That they'd sail up the Nile, take 'em all in
their beds,

And hoist at Cairo their flag :
Oui, oui, cry'd Monsieur—Si-signior, said
the Don,

The Dutch smok'd his pipe and cry'd yaw ;
But as soon as the fleet of brave Nelson came on
They were damnable sick in the crow.
Then while English bosoms, &c.

Then the vaunting French hero so snug and
so sly,

'Bout whose courage they've made such a
rout,

Into Egypt has led his troops, just to try
If ever they could find their way out :

But meeting such drubbings from the Arabs
on shore

From a prospect so dismal and black,
They must never expect to see France any
more,

Without Nelson should bring them all back.
Then while English bosoms, &c.

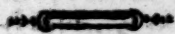
Yet, d'ye mind me, I'm told that as how the
Brest fleet,

By night, out of harbour has got ;
Splice my timbers, shou'd ever brave Bridport
but meet,

Why damme they'll all go to pot :
Yes, yes, my dear Poll, should they dare to
make shore,

To plant in old Ireland their tree,
He'll work them again as he work'd them be-
fore,

And leave not a ship on the sea.
Then while English bosoms, &c.



WHEN on board our trim vessel we joy-
ously sail'd,

And the glass it went round in full glee,
King and country to serve my old friend never
fail'd

And the toast was soon toss'd off by me ;
Let billows dash and fierce lightning flash,
'Twas the same to us both while at sea.

If

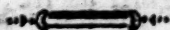
If a too powerful foe in our track chanc'd to
pass,

We resolv'd for to live and die free,
Quick we number her guns, then both take
a glass,

Then a broadside we give her with three,
Cannons let roar, echo'd from shore,
'Twas the same to us boys when at sea.

But a cannon ball one day on a fight,
From the deck knock'd him into the sea,
So he died as he liv'd, for his country and
right,

And may this be the end too of me,
Cannons let roar, echo'd from shore,
For the grave of a sailor's the sea.



A ID a sailor, kind sirs, who once felt it
his glory,

To fight for his country, his king to defend,
O stop for a moment and hear my sad story,
And deign when 'tis ended my wants to de-
tend.

I once had a sweetheart whose vows I shall
never

Forget when she said it would grieve her to
part,

And that happen what might, she wou'd love
me for ever,

If time did not alter the worth of my heart.

We

We set sail from Plymouth, a French ship gave
us battle,

And I was determin'd to conquer or die,
Undaunted, around me I heard the balls rattle,
And lost in the contest an arm and an eye,
Yet I thought not the loss of a limb in my duty,
To Nancy or me wou'd a sorrow impart,
One eye was still left me to gaze on her beauty,
And I knew what she prized in me most
was my heart.

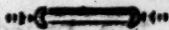
But when maim'd and in want I gained Ply-
mouth harbour,

And Nancy beheld my unfortunate plight;
Next morning she married to Tom Halyard of
Dover,

And bade me no more venture into her
sight.

Now I stray, lame and helpless, thro' fam'd
London city,

Imploring kind strangers some aid to impart,
Give an alms to a sailor, kind masters, in pity,
Depriv'd of an eye, of an arm, and his heart.



WHY, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm
a wiping,

A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see in its way;
'Tis nonsense for trifles, I own to be piping,
But they that ha'nt pity, why I pitiees they:
Says

Says the Captain, says he, I shall never forget it,

If of courage you'd know, lads, the true
from the sham,

'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it,

But, duty appeas'd, 'tis in mercy a lamb.

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the old
one not caring,

Helter skelter, to work, pelt away, cut and
and drive ;

Swearing he, for his part, had no notion of
sparing,

Why, as for a foe, why he'd eat him alive.

But when that he found an old prisoner he'd
wounded,

That once sav'd his life, as near drowning
he swam ;

The lion was tam'd, and with pity confounded,

He cried over him just all as one as a lamb.

That my friend, Jack, or Tom, I should
rescue from danger,

Or lay my life down for each lad in the
mess,

Is nothing at all ; 'tis the poor wounded
stranger,

And the poorer, the more I shall succour
distress :

For however their duty bold tars may delight in,

And peril defy, as a bugbear, or flam ;

Though the lion may feel surly pleasure in
fighting,

He'll feel more by compassion when turn'd
to a lamb.

The

The heart and the eyes you see feel the same motion,

And if both shed their drops 'tis all to the same end;

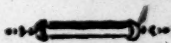
And thus 'tis that every tight lad of the ocean,
Shed his blood for his country, his tears for his friend.

If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on,

You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn!

In me let the foe feel the paw of the lion,

But, the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.



MY name d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've seed a little sarvice,

Where mighty billows roll and loud tempests blow,

I've sail'd with valiant Howe, I've sail'd with noble Jarvis,

And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out yo heave ho.

Yet more shall ye be knowing

I was cockswain to Boscawen,

And even with brave Hawk I have nobly fac'd the foe,

Then put round the grog,

So we've that and our prog,

We'll laugh in care's face, and sing yo heave ho.

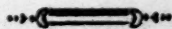
When

When from my love to part I first weighed
anchor,
And she was snivelling seed on the beach
below,
I'd like to cotch'd my eyes snivelling too,
d'ye see, to thank her,
But I brought my sorrows up with yo
heave ho :
For sailors, tho' they have their jokes,
And love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go.
So I seized the capstan bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And in spite of tears and sighs, sung yo
heave ho.

But the worst on't was that time when the little
ones were sickly,
And if they'd live or die, the Doctor did
not know,
The word was gov'd to weigh so sudden and so
quickly,
I thought my heart would break as I sung yo
heave ho.
For Poll's so like her mother,
And as for Jack her brother,
The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight
the foe ;
But in Providence I trust,
What must be must,
So my sighs I gave the winds and sung out yo
heave ho.

And

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
 For I've only lost an eye and got a timber toe,
 But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission,
 Nor again the anchor weigh with a yo heave ho.
 So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs,
 For my boy shall revenge my wrongs,
 And my girl shall breed young sailors nobly
 for to face the foe,
 Then to country and King,
 Fate no danger can bring,
 While the tars of old England sing out yo
 heave ho.



ALL hands up aloft; swab the couch fore
 and aft;
 For the punch-clubbers straight will be
 sitting.
 For fear the ship roll, sling off a full bowl;
 For our honour let all things be fitting.
 In an ocean of punch we to-night will all sail;
 I'th' bowl we're in sea-room enough, we ne'er
 fear.

Here's to thee messmate.
 Thanks, honest Tom. 'Tis a health to the
 King.
 Whilst the larboard-man drinks, let the star-
 board-man sing.

With

With full double cups,
 We'll liquor our chaps
 And then we'll turn out,
 With a who up! who! who!
 But let's drink ere we go,
 But let's drink ere we go.

The wind's veering aft, then loose ev'ry sail;
 She'll bear all her top-sails a trip.
 Heave the log from the poop; it blows a fresh
 gale;

And a just account on the board keep.
 She runs the eight knots, and eight cups to my
 thinking;
 That's a cup for each knot must be fill'd for
 our drinking.

Here's to thee, skipper.
 Thanks, honest John. 'Tis a health to the
 King.

Whilst the one is a drinking, the other shall fill.
 With full double cups, &c.

The quartier must cun, whilst the foremast-
 man steers.

Here's a health to each port, where'er bound.
 Who delays ('tis a bumper) shall be drubb'd
 at the geers;

The depth of each cup therefore sound.
 To our noble commander, to his honour and
 wealth:

May he drown and be damn'd, who refuses
 the health.

Here's to thee, Harry.
 Thanks honest Will; old true-penny still.
 Whilst the one is a drinking, the other shall fill.
 With full double cups, &c.

What

What news on the deck, ho! It blows a mere storm.

She lies a try under her mizen,
Why? what, though she does? Will it do any harm,

If a bumper more does us all reason?
The bowl must be fill'd, boys, in spite of the weather;

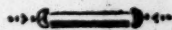
Yea, yea, boys! huzza, boys! let's howl all together.

Here's to thee, Peter.

Thanks, honest Joe; about let it go.

In the bowl still a calm is, where'er the winds blow.

With full double cups, &c.



LIFE is checquer'd; toil and pleasure
Fill up all the various measure.

See the crew in flannel jerkins,
Drinking, toping flip by firkins;

And as they raise the tip

To their happy lip,

On the deck is heard no other sound.

But, prithee Jack, prithee Dick,

Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,

Let the can go round.

Then hark to the boatswain's whistle! whistle!

Bustle, bustle, bustle, my boy;

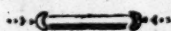
Let us stir, let us toil;

But let's drink all the while;

For labour's the price of our joy.

Life is checquer'd; toil and pleasure
 Fill up all the various measure.
 Hark! the crew, with sun-burnt faces,
 Chanting black-eyed Susan's graces:
 And, as they raise their notes
 Through their rusty throats,
 On the deck is heard no other sound, &c. &c.

Life is chequer'd; toil and pleasure
 Fill up all the various measure.
 Hark! the crew, their cares discarding,
 With hustle-cap, or with chuck-farthing;
 Still in a merry pin,
 Let them lose or win,
 On the deck is heard no other sound, &c. &c.



COME, bustle, bustle, drink about,
 And let us merry be;
 Our can is full, we'll see it out,
 And then all hands to sea.
 And a sailing we will go, will go,
 And a sailing we will go.

Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught
 The minuet to tread:
 But we go better, when we've brought
 The fore-tack to cat-head.

And a sailing, &c.

The jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,
 And swiftly rides the race:
 But swifter far we shape our course,
 When we are giving chace.

And a sailing, &c.

When

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
 The pack the huntsmen cheer :
 As loud we halloo, when we send
 A broadside to Monsieur.
 And a sailing, &c.

The what's-their-names at uproars squall,
 With music fine and soft :
 But better sounds our boatswain's call,—
 All hands, all hands aloft !
 And a sailing, &c.

With gold and silver streamers fine,
 The ladies rigging show :
 But English ships more grandly shine,
 When prizes home we tow.
 And a sailing, &c.

What's got at sea we spend on shore,
 With sweethearts and with wives ;
 And then, my boys, hoist sail for more :—
 Thus sailors pass their lives.
 And a sailing, &c.



THURSDAY in the morn, the nineteenth
 of May,
 (Recorded be for ever the famous ninety-
 two)

Brave Russel did discern, by break of day,
 The lofty sails of France advancing to:
 All hands aloft, they cry ; let English cou-
 rage shine ;

Let fly a culverine, a signal for the line ;

Let ev'ry man supply his gun.
Follow me, you shall see
That the battle it will soon be won.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat o'er
the deep :
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English Admiral and his fleet.
Now ev'ry gallant mind to victory does aspire ;
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire ;
And mighty fate stood looking on,
Whilst a flood, all of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the Rising Sun.

Sulphur, smoke, and noise, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder afright the Gallic
shore ;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock the red the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow.
Now death and horror equal reign.
Now they cry, run or die !
British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See, they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and o'er sands !
One danger they grasp, to shun a greater fate :
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost
estate.

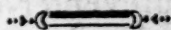
For

For ever more adieu, ill-omen'd Rising Sun!
From thy untimely end, thy Master's fate's
begun!

Enough, thou mighty god of war!

Now we sing,—Bless the King!

And doubly bless each brave English tar!



CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer!

List, ye landsmen, all to me;

Messmates, hear a brother-sailor

Sing the dangers of the sea.

From bounding billows, first in motion,

When the distant whirlwinds rise,

To the tempest-troubled ocean,

Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—

By topsail-sheets and haulyards stand!

Down top-gallants, quick be hauling!

Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!

Now it freshens, set the braces;

Quick the topsail-sheets let go;

Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces!

Up your topsails nimbly clew!

Now all you on down-beds sporting,

Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,

Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,

Free from all but love's alarms.—

Round us roars the tempest louder;

Think what fears our minds enthrall!

Harder yet, it yet blows harder!

Now, again, the boatswain calls:

The top-sail-yards point to the wind, boys ;
See all clear to reef each course :
Let the fore-sheets go ; don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get ;
Reef the mizen ; see all clear ;
Hands up,—each preventer-brace set ;
Man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer !

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !
Peals on peals contending clash !
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring !
In our eyes blue lightnings flash !
One wide water all around us !
All above us one black sky !
Different deaths at once surround us !
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

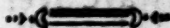
The foremast's gone ! cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet above deck.
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out :
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces :
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold !
Plumb the well ; the leak increases !
Four feet water's in the hold !

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn ;
Alas ! from hence there's no retreating ;
Alas ! to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us ;
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below :
Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
For only that can save us now !

O'er

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys ;
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;
 To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys ;
 See, our mizen-mast is gone.
 The leak we've found ; it cannot pour fast ;
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
 Up, and rig a jury fore-mast ;
 She rights, she rights, boys ! ware off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind Fortune spar'd our lives ;
 Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts, and our wives.
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it ;
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join.
 Where's the tempest now ? who feels it ?
 None ! our danger's drown'd in wine !



DISTRESS me with these tears no more :
 One kiss, my girl, and then adieu ;
 The last boat destined for the shore.
 Waits, dearest girl, alone for you.
 Soon, soon, before the light winds borne,
 Shall I be sever'd from your sight ;
 You left the lonely hours to mourn,
 And weep through many a stormy night.

When far along the restless deep,
 In trim array, the ship shall steer,
 Your form Rememb'rance still shall keep,
 Your worth affection still revere ;

And with the distance from your eyes,
My love for you shall be increas'd ;
As to the pole the needle lies,
And farthest off still varies least.

While round the bowl the jovial crew
Shall sing of triumphs on the main,
My thoughts shall fondly turn to you,
Of you alone shall be my strain ;
And when we've bow'd the leaguings foe,
Revengeful of our country's wrong,
Returning home, my heart shall shew,
No fiction grac'd my artless song.



NOW away, my brave boys, hoist the flag,
beat the drum ;
Let the streamers wave over the main ;
When Old England she calls us, we merrily
come,
She can't call a sailor in vain.
Already we seem an Armada to chace,
Already behold the galleons ;
Undaunted, unconquer'd, look death in the
face,
And return with a load of doubloons.

Then farewell, for a time, lovely sweethearts !
dear wives !
Nancy, fear not the fate of True Blue ;
Though we leave you and merily venture our
lives,
To our doxies we'll ever be true.

With

With spirit we go, an Armada to chace,
With rapture behold the galleons!
Undaunted, unconquer'd, look death in the
face,
And return with a load of doubloons.

— — — — —
COME, come my jolly lads,
The wind's abaft,
Brisk gales our sails shall croud;
Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, boys,
Hawl the boat,
The boatswain pipes aloud:
The ship's unmoor'd,
All hands on board;
The rising gale
Fills ev'ry sail,
The ship's well mann'd and stor'd.

Then sling the flowing bowl:
Fond hopes arise;
The girls we prize,
Shall bless each jovial soul:
The can, boys, bring,
We'll drink and sing,
While foaming billows roll.

Though to the Spanish coast
We're bound to steer,
We'll still our rights maintain;
Then bear a hand, be steady, boys;
Soon we'll see
Old England once again.

From shore to shore,
While cannons roar,
Our tars shall show
The haughty foe,
Britannia rules the main.

Then sling the flowing bowl:
Fond hopes arise;
The girls we prize,
Shall bless each jovial soul:
The can, boys, bring,
We'll drink and sing,
While foaming billows roll.

Cho. Then sling the, &c.



STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak;
Let not a word on board be spoke;
Victory soon will crown the joke;
Be silent and be ready.
Ram home your guns, and sponge them well;
Let us be sure the balls will tell;
The cannon's roar shall sound their knell;
Be steady, boys, be steady.
Not yet, nor yet, nor yet:
Reserve your fire, I do desire.
— Fire!

Now the elements do rattle;
The Gods amaz'd, behold the battle;
A broadside, my boys:
See the blood in purple tide,
Trickle down her batter'd side.

Wing'd

Wing'd with fate the bullets fly:
 Conquer boys, or bravely die;
 Hurl destruction on your foes.

She sinks—huzza!
 To the bottom down she goes.



WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is
 come,

And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd
 main,

Then sailors think of their far distant home,
 And of those friends they ne'er may see
 again :

But when the fight's begun,

Each serving at his gun,

Should any thoughts of them come o'er our
 mind,

We think, but should the day be won,

How 'twill cheer

Their hearts to hear,

That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind

Have left on shore, some pretty girl, and true,

Who many a night doth listen to the wind,

And sighs to think how it may fare with you;

Oh! when the fight's begun,

Each serving at his gun,

Should any thought of her come o'er your mind;

Think only, should the day be won,

How 'twill cheer

Her heart to hear,

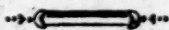
That her own true sailor he was one.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain,
 Undaunted, braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease,
 To find at last content and ease :
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore ;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll.
 And thunders shake from pole to pole,
 Though dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home :
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore ;

In hopes, &c.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
 The early scenes of life renew,
 Though each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast,
 This is the universal toast :
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore ;
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore.



ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving to the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board :
 Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew.
William,

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below ;
The cord glides swiftly through his glowing
hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright ;
Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory white.
Thus, ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly.
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;
 No longer must she stay aboard:
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
 Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
 The main-mast by the board,
 My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
 And love well stor'd,
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,
 In hopes on shore to be once more
 Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft, while mountains high we go,
 The whistling winds that scud along,
 And the surge roaring from below,
 Shall my signal be to think on thee,
 And this shall be my song.

And on that night when all the crew
 The mem'ry of their former lives
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
 I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
 And as the ship rolls through the sea,
 The burden of my song shall be.

SWEET

SWEET Annie frae the sea-beach came,
Where Jockey's speel'd the vessel's side :
Ah! wha can keep her heart at hame,
When Jockey's toss'd aboon the tide?

Far aff 'till distant realms he gangs,
But Ise be true, as he ha been ;
And when ilk lass around him thrangs,
He'll think on Annie's faithful teen.

Our weelthy laird I met yestern ;
With gowd in hand he tempted me ;
He prais'd my brow, and rowan een,
And made a brag of what he gie.

But though my Jockey's far away,
Blaw'd up and down the awesome main,
Ise keep my heart anither day,
Syne Jockey may return again.

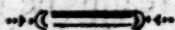
Nae mair, sause Jamy, sing nae mair,
And fairly cast your pipe away ;
Thy Jockey wad be trubled fair,
To see his freen his loo betray.

Yer sangs, and a' yer verse is vain,
While Jockey's notes do faithful flow ;
To him my heart sal true remain,
Ise keep it for my constant Jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jockey's head ;
And gar, ye waves, be cawn and still ;
His hameward sails with breezes speed,
And dinna a' my pleasures spill.

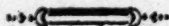
Though

Though full o'erlang will be his stay,
 Yet then he'll braw in siller shine.
 Ise keep my heart anither day,
 Syne Jockey will again be mine.



BEHOLD! from many a hostile shore,
 And all the dangers of the main,
 Where tempests burst, and billows roar,
 Your faithful Tom returns again;
 Returns, and brings with him a heart,
 Which ne'er from Sally shall depart.
 Which ne'er, &c.

After long toil, and danger past,
 How sweet to tread our native soil;
 With conquest to come home at last,
 And deck our sweethearts with the spoil!
 No one to beauty should pretend,
 But such as dare its rights defend.
 No one, &c.



FAIR Sally lov'd a bonny seaman,
 With tears she sent him out to roam:
 Young Thomas lov'd no other woman,
 But left his heart with her at home.
 She view'd the sea from off the hill,
 And, as she turn'd the spinning wheel,
 Sung of her bonny seaman.

The

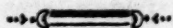
The winds blew loud, and she grew paler,
To see the weather-cock turn round;
When, lo! she spy'd her bonny sailor
Come whistling o'er the fallow ground:
With nimble haste he leap'd the stile,
And Sally met him with a smile,
And hugg'd her bonny sailor.

Fast round the waist he took his Sally,
But first around his mouth wip'd he;
Like home-bred spark he could not dally,
But press'd and kiss'd her with a glee.
Through winds, and waves, and dashing rain,
Cried he, Thy Tom's return'd again,
And brings a heart for Sally.

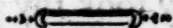
Welcome, she cry'd, my constant Thomas,
Though out of sight, ne'er out of mind;
Our hearts, though seas have parted from us,
Yet they my thoughts did leave behind:
So much hath fancy took thy part,
That time nor absence from my heart
Could drive my bonny Thomas.

This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,
I still have kept for her dear sake;
A thousand times, in am'rous folly,
Her name I've carv'd upon the deck.
Again this happy pledge returns,
To tell how truly Thomas burns,
How truly burns for Sally.
This

This thimble didst thou give to Sally :
 Whilst this I see, I think of you ;
 Then why does Tom stand shill-I, shall-I,
 While yonder steeple is in view ?
 Tom, never to occasion blind,
 Now took her in the coming mind,
 And went to church with Sally.



THEN, farewell, my trim-built wherry !
 Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell !
 Never more at Chelsea Ferry
 Shall your Thomas take a spell.
 But, to hope and peace a stranger,
 In the battle's heat I go ;
 Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
 Some friendly ball shall lay me low.
 Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
 With the news my messmates come,
 Even you, my story hearing,
 With a sigh, may cry poor Tom !



TWAS I learnt a pretty song in France,
 And I brought it o'er the sea by chance ;
 And then in Wapping I did dance :
 Oh, the like was never seen !
 For I made the music loud for to play,
 All for to pass the dull hours away ;
 And, when I had nothing left for to say,
 Then I sung Fal-de-ral Tit,
 Tit-fal-de-ral, Tit-fal-de-ray,
 Then we sung Fal-de-ral Tit.

As

As I was a walking down Thames-street,
A ship-mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet;
And I was resolv'd him for to treat
With a can of grog, gillio!
A can of grog they brought us straight,
All for to pleasure my ship-mate,
And satisfaction gave him strait:

Then I sung Fal-de-ral Tit, &c.

The Maccaronies next came in,
All dress'd so neat, and look'd so trim,
And thinking for to strike me dumb.
Some were short, and some were tall,
But 'tis very well known that I lick'd them all,
For I dous'd their heads against the wall:

Then I sung Fal-de-ral Tit, &c.

The landlord, then, aloud did say,
As how he wish'd I'd go away;
And, if I 'tempted for to stay,
As how he'd take the law.
Lord d—me! says I, you may do your worst,
For I've not scarcely quench'd my thirst.
All this I said, and nothing worse:

Then I sung Fal-de-ral Tit, &c.

It's when I've cross'd the raging main,
And be come back to Old England again,
Of grog I'll drink galore;
With a pretty girl for to sit by my side,
And for her costly robes I'll provide;
So that she shall be satisfied:

Then I'll sing Fal-de-ral Tit, &c.

WHILE

WHILE high the foaming surges rise,
And pointed rocks appear,
Loud thunders rattle in the skies,

Yet sailors must not fear.

In storms, in wind,

Their duty mind;

Aloft, below,

They cheerful go,

To reef, or steer, as 'tis design'd;

No fears or dangers fill the mind.

The signal for the line is made,

The haughty foe's in sight,

The bloody flag aloft display'd,

And fierce the dreadful fight.

Each minds his gun,

No dangers shun;

Aloft, below,

They cheerful go;

Though thunders roar, yet still we find,

No fears alarm the sailor's mind.

The storm is hush'd, the battle's o'er,

The sky is clear again;

We toss the can to those on shore,

While we are on the main.

To Poll and Sue,

Sincere and true,

The grog goes round,

With pleasure crown'd

In war or peace alike you'll find,

That honour fills the sailor's mind.

THE

THE wind was hush'd, the storm was over,
Unfurl'd was every flowing sail !
From toil releas'd, when Dick of Dover

Went with his messmates to regale.
All danger's o'er, cried he, my neat hearts,
Drown care, then, in the smiling can ;
Come, bear a hand, let's toast our sweethearts,
And first I'll give my buxom Nan.

She's none of they that's always giggling,
And stem and stern made up of art ;
One knows a vessel by her rigging,
Such ever slight a constant heart :
With straw-hat, and pink streamers flowing,
How oft to meet me has she ran ;
While for dear life would I be rowing,
To meet with smiles my buxom Nan !

Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies.
To see him stare when he came back !

The girls were so all off the hinges,
His Poll was quite unknown to Jack :
Tant-masted all, to see who's tallest,
Breast-works, top-gant-sai's, and a fan ;
Messmate, cried I, more sail than ballast ;
Ah ! still give me my buxom Nan.

None on life's sea can sail more quicker,
To shew her love, or serve her friend ;
But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor—
This one word then, and there's an end :

Of all the wenches whatsomdever,
I say, then find me out who can,
One half so true, so kind, so clever,
Sweet, trim, and neat, as buxom Nan.

WOULD

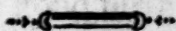
WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,
That tears from a stone might provoke—
'Tis concerning a tar, you must know,
As honest as e'er biscuit broke :
His name was Ben Block—of all men,
The most true, the most kind, the most
brave ;
But harsh treated by fortune—for Ben,
In his prime, found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more ;
His heart was all kindness and love ;
Though on duty an eagle he'd soar,
His nature had most of the dove.
He lov'd a fair maiden, nam'd Kate ;
His father, to interest a slave,
Sent him far from his love, where hard fate
Plung'd him deep in a watery grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues !
A false friend his mild nature abus'd ;
And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
To poison Ben's pleasure, accus'd ;
That she never had truly been kind ;
That false were the tokens she gave ;
That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find,
In the ocean, a watery grave.

Too sure from this cankerous elf,
The venom accomplish'd its end ;
Ben, all truth and honour himself,
Suspected no fraud in his friend :

On the yard, while suspended in air,
 A loose to his sorrows he gave;
 "Take thy wish," he cried, "false, cruel fair;"
 And plung'd in a watery grave.



GO, patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like:
 A tight water-boat, and good sea-room give me,
 And t'ent to a little I'll strike.
 Though the tempest top-gallant-masts smack
 smooth should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse
 every thing tight,
 And under reef'd foresail we'll scud.
 Avast, nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
 To be taken for trifles aback;
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one
 day,

About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
 And, my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and
 belay!

Why 'twas just all as one as High Dutch.
 But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye
 see,

Without orders that comes down below,
 And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me
 That Providence takes us in tow;

For,

For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er
so oft

Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll (for, d'ye see, she would cry),
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling, and piping your eye?
Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's
room for us all.

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore;
And if to Old Davy I should go, dear Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more.
What then? all's a hazard—come don't be
so soft;

Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be ev'ry inch
All as one as a piece of his ship;
And with her brave the world, without off'ring
to flinch,

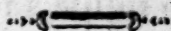
From the moment the anchor's a trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides,
and ends,

Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rino's my
friend's;

And, as for my life, 'tis my King's

E'en

E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so
soft,
As with grief to be taken a-back ;
That same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.



TWAS in the good ship Rover,
I sail'd the world around,
And for three years, and over,
I ne'er touch'd British ground.
At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded,
And went to sea again.

That time, bound strait to Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore ;
But, when we made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the shore :
She lay, so did it shock her,
A log upon the main ;
Till, sav'd from Davy's locker,
We put to sea again.

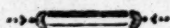
Next in a frigate sailing,
Upon a squally night,
Thunder and lightning hailing
The horrors of the fight,

E

My

My precious limb was lopp'd off,
 I, when they eas'd my pain,
 Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
 And went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled
 To bring up in life's rear,
 Although I'm quite disabled,
 And lie in Greenwich tier.
 The King, God bless his royalty,
 Who sav'd me from the main,
 I'll praise with love and loyalty,
 But ne'er to sea again.



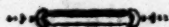
I WAS, d'ye see, a waterman,
 As tight and spruce as any,
 'Twixt Richmond town,
 And Horsley-down,
 I earn'd an honest penny:
 None could of Fortune's favours brag,
 More than could lucky I;
 My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,
 My grunter in the sty.
 With wherry tight,
 And bosom light,
 I cheerfully did row;
 And, to complete this princely life,
 Sure never man had friend and wife
 Like my Poll, and my Partner Joe.

I roll'd

I roll'd in joys like these awhile,
Folks far and near caress'd me,
Till, woe is me,
So lubberly,
The press-gang came, and press'd me.
How could I all these pleasures leave?
How with my wherry part?
I never so took on to grieve:
It wrung my very heart.
But when on board
They gave the word,
To foreign parts to go,
I rued the moment I was born,
That ever I should thus be torn
From my Poll, and my Partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully,
While on the billows rolling;
And night or day,
Could find my way,
Blindfold, to the main-top-bowling.
Thus, all the dangers of the main,
Quicksands, and gales of wind,
I brav'd, in hopes to taste again,
The joys I left behind.
In climes afar,
The hottest war,
Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
In hopes these perils to relate
As by my side attentive sate
My Poll, and my Partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his Majesty
 To give peace to the nation ;
 And honest hearts,
 From foreign parts,
 Came home for consolation.
 Like lightning—for I felt new life,
 Now safe from all alarms—
 I rush'd, and found my friend and wife
 Lock'd in each other's arms !
 Yet fancy not
 I bore my lot
 Tame, like a lubber :—No ;
 For, seeing I was finely trick'd,
 Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd
 My Poll, and my Partner Joe.



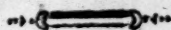
LOOSE ev'ry sail to the breeze,
 The course of my vessel improve ;
 I've done with the toils of the seas ;
 Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
 My grief I fling all to the wind ;
 'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
 My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear ;
 What tropic-bird swifter can move ?
 Who, cruel, shall hold his career,
 That returns to the nest of his love ?

Hoist

Hoist ev'ry sail to the breeze;
Come, shipmates, and join in the song;
Let's drink, while our ship cuts the seas,
To the gale that may drive her along.



WHEN my money was gone that I gain'd
in the wars,
And the world it did frown at my fate,
What matter'd my zeal, or my honoured scars,
When indifference stood at each gate?

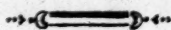
That face that would smile when my purse was
well lin'd,
Shews a different aspect to me;
And, when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hied me again to the sea.

I thought 'twas unjust for to pine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the shore;
I pack'd up my trifling remnants I'd got;
And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw;—
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind;
And, when the wide main I survey'd,
I could no help thinking the world was unkind,
And Fortune a slippery jade.

I swear, if once more I can take her in tow,
I'll let the ungrateful world see
That the turbulent winds, and the billows,
could show
More kindness than they did to me.



THE dauntless sailor leaves his home,
Each softer joy and ease,
The distant climes he loves to roam,
Nor dreads the boist'rous seas :
His heart with hope of victory gay,
Scorns from the foe to run ;
In battle terror melts away
As snow before the sun.

Though all the nations of the world
Britannia's flag would lower,
Her banner still shall wave unfurl'd,
And dare their haughty power :
But, see, Bellona sheathes her sword,
Hush'd in the angry main ;
The cannon's roar no more is heard,
Sweet peace resumes her reign.

He hastes unto his native shore,
Where dwells sweet joy and rest ;
His lovely Susan's smiles implore,
To crown and make him blest :
Now all the toil and dangers past,
And Susan's love remains,
The honest tar is blest at last,
Her smiles reward his pains.

WHEN

WHEN scarce a handspike high,
Death with old Dad made free ;
So what does I do, d'ye see,
But I pack's it off to sea ;
Says I to sweetheart Poll,
If ever I come back,
We'll laugh and sing, tol de rol lol,
If not, remember Jack.

I'd fortin smooth and rough,
The wind would chop and veer,
'Till hard knocks I'd nab'd enough
On board of a privateer !
Propt with a wooden Peg,
Poll, I thought would bid me pack ;
So was forc'd, d'ye see, to beg,
And it was pray remember Jack.

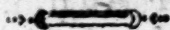
I ax't as folks hove by,
And shew'd my wooden pin,
Young girls would sometimes sigh,
And gaping lubbers grin.
In vain I'd often bawl,
My hopes were ta'en aback,
And my share of coppers small,
So pray remember Jack.

One day my lockers bare,
And toggs all tatter'd grown,
I twigg'd a pinace fair,
Well rigg'd, a-bearing down.

'Twas Poll, she look'd so spruce,
 "What! thus," says she, "come back,"
 My tongue forgot it's use,
 And pray remember Jack.

What matters much to prate!
 She'd shiners sav'd a few,
 Soon I became her mate,
Warn't Poll a sweetheart true?
 Then a friend I'd serv'd before,
 From a long voyage trips back,
 Shar'd with his gold galore,
 For he well remember'd Jack.

So that tho'f I lost my leg,
 It seem'd to *fortin* mend,
 And when forc'd, d'ye see to beg
 I gain'd a wife and friend.
 Here's the king, Old England, Poll!
 My shipmate just come back,
 Then laugh and sing, *tol de rol lol*,
 And pray remember Jack.

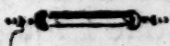


WHY droops my Nan, and why those
 tears?

Cheerful, my girl, dispel those fears;
 Cast grief aside, while from you far
 Tumultuous billows rock your tar:
 While howling winds around him blow,
 Let none your bosom ache with woe;
 A pow'r benignant from above,
 Will guard me for my dearest love.

I go.

I go, my Nan, my country's friend,
 We're dar'd by foes, we must contend;
 Glory and honor both invite,
 The youth to fix his native right:
 One cheering smile before we part,
 Wipe off those drops that sink my heart;
 Where'er I go I'll think of you,
 One kiss, sweet girl, and then adieu.

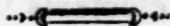


A SAILOR'S love is void of art,
 Plain sailing to his port, the heart;
 He knows no jealous folly:
 'Twere hard enough at sea to war,
 With boist'rous elements to jar,
 All's peace with lovely Polly.

Enough that, far from sight of shore,
 Clouds-frown and angry billows roar,
 Still is he brisk and jolly;
 And while, surrounded by his mates,
 Her health he drinks, anticipates
 The smiles of lovely Polly.

Should thunder on th' horizon press;
 Mocking our signal of distress,
 E'en then dull melancholy
 Vainly intrudes—he braves the din,
 In hopes to find a calm—within
 The snowy arms of Polly.

FRESH blows the gale, soon under weigh,
 Our bark was borne with many a sigh,
 I oft review'd the less'ning Bay,
 And lost it with a tearful eye;
 But soon our crew began to blame
 My love-born grief, and call'd it folly,
 But oft I'd troll a catch for shame,
 Yet secret sigh'd for pretty Polly.
 Our little bark, by valour fraught,
 Soon met the foe and laurels won, sir;
 Inspir'd by love alone I fought,
 And gain'd fresh courage at my gun, sir.
 Our captain's praise unmov'd I heard,
 Thought all the victor's boast but folly!
 Then flew to shore to claim reward,
 And heart for heart from pretty Polly.



DICK Dock, a tar, at Greenwich moor'd,
 One day had got his beer on board,
 When be a poor maim'd pensioner from Chel-
 sea saw,
 And for to have his jeer and flout,
 For the grog once in the wit's soon out,
 Cries how good master lobster did you lose
 your claw?
 Was't one night in a drunken fray,
 Or t'other when you ran away?
 But hold ye Dick, the poor sot has one foot
 in the grave;
 For slander's wind too fast you fly,
 Do you think it fun, you swab, you lie,
 Misfortunes ever claim the pity of the brave,
 Misfortunes ever claim, &c.

Old

Old Hannibal, in words as gross,
 For he like Dick had got his dose,
 So to have his bout at grumbling took a spell—
 If I'm a lobster, master crab,
 By the information on your nab,
 In some skirmish or other they have crack'd
 your shell ;

And then how you hobbling go
 On that jury mast your timber toe,
 A nice one to find fault with one foot in the
 grave.

But halt ! old Hannibal, halt ! halt ! halt !
 Distress was never yet a fault,
 Misfortunes ever claim the pity of the brave,
 Misfortunes ever claim, &c.

If Hannibal's your name, do you see,
 As sure as they Dick Dock call me,
 As once it did fall out I ow'd my life to you,
 Spilt from my hawse, once when it was dark,
 And nearly swallow'd by a shark,
 Who boldly plung'd in, sav'd me, and pleas'd
 all the crew.

If that's the case then cease our jeers,
 When boarded by the same Monsieurs,
 You a true English lion snatch'd me from the
 grave ;

Crying, cowards, do the man no harm,
 Damn me, don't you see he has lost his
 arm,
 Misfortunes ever claim the pity of the brave.

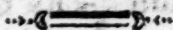
Misfortunes ever claim, &c.

Let's broach a cann before we part,
A friendly one with all my heart,
And as we push the grog about we'll chearly
sing,

On land and sea may Briton's fight,
The world's example and delight,
And conquer ev'ry enemy of George our
King.

'Tis he who proves the hero's friend,
His bounty waits us to our end,
Tho' crippled and laid up with one foot in the
grave.

Then tars and soldiers never fear,
You shall not want compassion's tear,
Misfortunes ever claim the pity of the brave,
Misfortunes ever claim, &c.

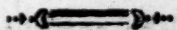


THE decks were clear'd the gallant band
Of British tars, each other cheering,
Each kindly shook his messmate's hand,
With hearts resolv'd, no danger fearing;
Ben Block turn'd pale, yet 'twas not fear,
Ben thought he had beheld some fairy,
When on the deck he saw appear,
In seaman's dress, his faithful Mary.

Her cheeks assum'd a crimson glow,
Yet such for love her noble daring,
No prayers could keep her down below.
With Ben she'd stay, all perils sharing;
When

When cruel fate ordain'd it so
 Ere Ben had time to say how fare ye,
 An envious ball conveyed the blow,
 That closed in death the eyes of Mary.

Ben's arms received the falling fair;
 Grief, rage, and love his bosom tearing,
 His eyes reflected wild despair,
 No more for life or safty caring;
 Close came the foe, Ben madly cry'd,
 Ye adverse powers come on, I dare ye,
 Then springing from the vessel's side
 Rush'd on the foe, and dy'd for Mary.



WHEN the drum beats to arms each bold
 British tar
 Bids farewell to his girl, wife, or friend,
 Courageously flies to the dangers of war,
 His country and king to defend;
 His heart burns for victory, for honour and gain,
 Determin'd his foes to subdue,
 Thus flies to the bulwarks that sail on the
 main,
 None can equal the courage of true blue.

How noble is the sight of the grand British
 fleet,
 As down channel their course they do steer,
 Each true British tar longs his enemy to meet,
 No storms nor no dangers does fear;

His

His heart burns for victory, for honour and
gain,

Determin'd his foes to subdue,
Thus flies to the bulwarks that sails on the main,
None can equal the courage of true blue.

If our enemies should dare for to meet us once
more,

Like lightning to our quarters we'll fly,
Like thunder in the air our great guns they
shall roar,

Determin'd to conquer or die ;
Our officers and tars they are valiant and brave,
Our admirals are loyal and true,
They die by their guns Britons rights to main-
tain,

None can equal the courage of true blue.

If yard-arm and yard-arm along side of our
foes,

Our strong floating batteries should lie,
If our enemies should sink and chance down
to go,

To our boats then we instantly fly ;
In time of distress all assistance we give,
All dangers we eagerly pursue,
Our foes for to save from their watery grave,
None can equal the courage of true blue,

When our prize we have taken and made our
own,

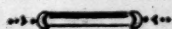
For some port then we gloriously steer,
When the harbour we have gain'd, and arriv'd
safe at home,

We give our admirals three cheers;

We

We drink a good health to our kind loving
wives,

And each pretty girl that's constant and true,
Now this is the way that we spend our lives,
None can equal the courage of true blue.



THE winds whist'led shrilly, chill rain
down was streaming,
From a dark cell where Phœbus ne'er darted a
beam in;

Worn out by great age, press'd by hunger and
grief,

A sad son of Neptune crawled forth for relief!

"Give relief, oh, give relief!

"Oh give relief to a poor mariner!"

He tremblingly begged as the affluent passed
him,

"The poor mite benevolent charity cast him!"

While from his dim eyes, hid by darkness,
thick veil,

The big tear gush'd forth while he told his sad
tale:

"Give relief, &c."

"When Hawke and Boscawen rode lords of
the ocean,

"The foes of my King have felt this arm's
motion;

"This *hand* grasped a sword, dealt death to
Gaul's resistance,

"Tho' now feebly thus *extended for assist-*
ance.

"Give relief," &c.

There

" These eyes oft have seen the proud foe sink
before me,

" Have sparkled with joy at the signal of glory,

" Have seen Britain's flag to conquest aspire,

" Tho' —now lost in darkness, for want I
expire.

" Give relief," &c.

" My life's been expos'd in defence of our laws,

" I've bled at each vein to support freedom's
cause ;

" The billows of danger have stemmed without
dread,

" But faintly I struggle, *now beg for my bread.*

" Give relief, &c."

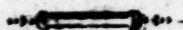
" Assist me !" he said, the words quiv'ring
hung

In accents most piteous on the veteran's tongue ;
When the grim King of Terrors his suff'rings
regarded,

And snatch'd him from hence to where virtue's
rewarded.

Death gave relief—'twas death gave relief—

Death gave relief to the poor mariner.



THE boatswain calls, the wind is fair,

The anchor heaving,

Our sweethearts leaving,

We to duty must repair

Where our stations well we know :

Cast off halliards from the cleets,

Stand by we clear all the sheets ;

Come,

Come, my boys,
Your handspikes poise,
And give one general huzza :
Yet sighing as you pull away.
For tears ashore that flow,
To the windlass let us go,
With yo—heave ho ;

The anchor coming now apeak,
Lest the ship, striving,
Be on it driving,
That we the tap'ring gards must seek,
And back the foretopsail well we know :
A pleasing duty ; from aloft
We faintly see those charms were oft
When returning,
With passion burning,
We fondly gaze, those tears that seem,
In parting, with big tears to stream :
But come, lest ours as fast should flow,
To the windlass once more go,
With yo—heave ho !

Now the ship is under way,
The breeze so willing,
The canvass filling,
The prest triangle cracks the stay,
So taught to haul the sheet we know :
And now in trim we gaily sail,
The massy beam receives the gale,
While freed from duty,
To his beauty,

Left

Left on the less'ning shore afar,
 A fervent sigh heaves ev'ry tar,
 To thank those tears for him that flow,
 That from his true love he should go,
 With yo—heave ho !



A SAILOR's life's a life of woe,
 He works now late now early ;
 Now up and down, now to and fro,
 What then ? he takes it cheerly.
 Blest with a smiling cann of grog,
 If duty call,
 Stand, rise, or fall,
 To fates last verge he'll jog.
 The cadge to weigh,
 The sheets belay,
 He does it with a wish,
 To heave the lead,
 Or to cat-head
 The pond'rous anchor fish :
 For while the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger's drown'd
 We despise it to a man.
 We sing a little,
 And laugh a little,
 And work a little,
 And swear a little.
 And fiddle a little,
 And foot it a little,
 And swig the flowing can,

And

And fiddle a little,
And foot it a little,
And swig the flowing can,
And swig the flowing can,
And swig the flowing can.

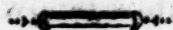
If howling winds and roaring seas
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the storm, our hearts at ease,
For Jack's to fear a stranger.
Blest with the smiling grog, we fly
Where now below
We headlong go,
Now rise on mountain's high :
Spight of the gale,
We hand the sail,
Or take the needful reef ;
Or man the deck,
To clear some wreck,
To give the ship relief,
Though perils threat around,
All sense of danger's drown'd,
We despise it to a man.

We sing a little, &c.

But yet think not our case is hard,
Though storms at sea thus treat us,
For coming home—a sweet reward,
With smiles our sweethearts greet us.
Now to the friendly grog we quaff,
Our am'rous toast,
Her we love most,
And gayly sing and laugh.

The

The sails we furl,
 Then for each girl,
 The petticoat display.
 The deck we clear,
 Then three times cheer,
 As we their charms survey.
 And then the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man.
 We sing a little, &c.



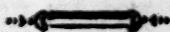
LIFE'S like a ship in constant motion,
 Sometimes high and sometimes low ;
 Where ev'ry one must brave the ocean,
 Whatsoever winds may blow :
 If, unassail'd by squall or shower,
 Wafted by the gentle gales ;
 Let's not lose the fav'ring hour,
 While success attends our sails.

Or, if the wayward winds should bluster,
 Let us not give way to fear ;
 But let us all our patience muster,
 And learn, by Reason, how to steer :
 Let judgment keep you ever steady,
 'Tis a ballast never fails ;
 Should dangers rise, be ever ready,
 To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust

Trust not too much your own opinion,
While your vessel's under way ;
Let good example bear dominion,
That's a compass will not stray :
When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
Or Boreas on the surface rails ;
Let good Discretion guide the rudder,
And Providence attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger, riding
In some welcome port or bay ;
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
And Care, awhile, enslumber'd lay :
Or, when each cann, with liquor flowing,
And good fellowship prevails ;
Let each true heart, with rapture glowing,
Drink " success unto our sails."



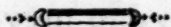
JACK Ratlin was the ablest seaman,
None like him could hand, reef, or steer :
No dang'rous toil but he'd encounter,
With skill and in contempt of fear.
In fight a lion: the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove :
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
Yet he did sigh, and all for love.

The song, the cann, the flowing liquor,
For none of these had Jack regard
He, while his messmates were carousing.
High sitting on the pendant yard,

Would

Would think upon the fair one's beauties,
 Swore never from such charms to rove;
 That truly he'd adore them living,
 And dying sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded
 Once more to view their native land,
 Amongst the rest, brought Jack some tidings,
 Wou'd it had been his love's fair hand!
 Oh fate! her death defac'd the letter;
 Instant his pulse forgot to move;
 With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
 He heav'd a sigh—and dy'd for love.



SAYS Fame t'other day to the Genius of
 Song,
 A fav'rite of mine you've neglected too long;
 He's a sound bit of oak, a son of the wave;
 The scourge of dire France, Sir Sidney the
 brave,
 Whose wreath from his country, the hero's
 bright crown,
 The Grand Sultan decks with the gem of re-
 nown.

Madam Fame, cries the Genius, no bard in
 my train,
 Of Sir Sidney's desert can equal the strain;
 Buonaparte alone can best sing his merit,
 His laurels and glory, his valour and spirit;
 Whose wreath, &c.
 Neptune

Neptune swore it was true, for so active was he,
 That he never can rest with Sir Sidney at sea;
 As some feat or other he's always performing,
 Either burning or sinking, or capt'ring or
 storming;

Whose wreath, &c.

Master Neptune, said Mars, I claim as my son,
 A share of the glory Sir Sidney has won;
 Though a brave British tar, as a soldier he'll
 fight,
 All Egypt resounds, from the morning till
 night;

Whose wreath, &c.

Since Fame and their Godships thus jointly
 agree
 Sir Sidney's a hero on land or on sea,
 With justice, brave Turks, from so bright an
 example,
 Proclaim him, "The Wonderful Knight of
 the Temple;"

Whose Wreath, &c.

While George of Old England and Selim the
 Great,
 Hold firm their alliance 'gainst Gaul-hydra
 state,
 The lion and crescent triumphant shall reign,
 And Sir Sidney do honour to both o'er the main;
 Whose wreath, &c.

TOM

TOM Clewline's heart three damsels
claim'd ;

Poll, Nan, and bonny Kate ;
Each for her faith and beauty fam'd,
For Tom's return,
Would often burn,
And tremble for his fate.

'Twas on an eve when whisp'ring gales
But feebly swell'd the pow'rful sails,
When Tom, so blithe and jolly,
To either fair at once appeal'd
His scars, but not his wealth, reveal'd ;
Then claim'd the hand of Polly.

Alas ! says Poll, how vain to wed,
When love is all our boast !
By famine press'd, by flattery fed,
To misery prone,
To peace unknown,
Which pang would pierce the most ?
Why then, says Tom, to soothe my woes,
I'll seek for comfort and repose
Within the arms of Nancy :
But poverty, to Nan's surprise,
Had dimm'd her sailor's sparkling eyes ;
He pleas'd not now her fancy.

Next to his Kate the partial tar
With zealous ardour turned ;
For her he'd brave the hottest war,
And on the main,
Her love to gain,
Had glory's laurel earned.

Ah! Tom, says she, no fears alarm,
 If still to Kate thy heart is warm;
 She'd wed thee, love, to-morrow:
 With thee the worst of ills she'd bear,
 For thee suppress each struggling tear,
 To soften all thy sorrow.

Then, dearest girl, 'tis thou alone
 Shalt share my honest toils;
 For in my fortunes, yet unknown,
 Thy willing heart,
 Hath borne a part,

And meet them with sweet smiles.
 Know then, to try your worth I came,
 For, bless'd with riches, power, and fame,
 Tom sought no other beauty
 Than that which, with the mind's regard,
 Might prove the last and best reward
 Of courage, truth and duty.



TO Gib we steer'd; the Gut had made;
 A floating castle hove in sight;
 Each tar no coward heart betray'd,
 For all were eager for the fight.
 Three glasses, wanting one bare quarter,
 When close upon her side we stood;
 And pour'd old Mars 'twixt wind and water,
 That made her gulp the briny flood.
 The battle now commenc'd and borne
 With zealous ardour by each crew;
 The decks bestrew'd with bodies shorne,
 And trickling gore of crimson hue.

F

Hark!

Hark ! hear the murmurs of the wounded ;
Death stares each hero in the face ;
Where many noble hearts lie grounded,
While others ev'ry post embrace.

Tom at the gun with portfire stood,
Quickly to fire the thund'ring piece ;
A ruthless ball dispers'd his blood.
And laid the shatter'd Tar in peace.
His noble messmate, Fred. of Dover,
Dropt o'er his lifeless trunk a sigh ;
And, when the bloody fight was over,
A shower of chrystal tears let fly.

Each messenger of death flew fast,
More dreadful still the conflict grew.
Hold ! See—she sinks—down comes her mast ;
A broadside from the hull anew.
But 'twas our duty, be't recounted,
Tho' blood immers'd our very knees ;
Those souls of envy have surmounted,
What makes them worthy of the seas.

The battle ceas'd ; to clear each deck,
A shocking picture to review ;
In one short hour what a wreck !
Of young—of old—of Britons too.
Tom's scatter'd members lain together,
In a coarse shroud encompass'd were,
Committed to the deep for ever,
While Fred. was off'ring up a pray'r.

HUNTING

HUNTING SONGS.

TO Batchelors Hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chace, that makes up
our delight :

We have spirits like fire, and of health such a
stock,

That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a
clock :

Did you see us you'd swear, as we mount with
a grace ;

That Diana had dubb'd some new gods of the
chace,

Hark away, hark away,

All nature looks gay,

And Aurora with smiles ushers in the
bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back :

Tom Trig rode a bay full of mettle and bone,

And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan ;

But the horse of all horses that rivall'd the day,

Was the Squire's Neck-or-nothing, and that
was a grey.

Hark away, hark away,
While our spirits are gay
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

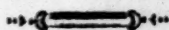
Then for hounds there was Nimble, so well
that climbs rocks,
And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a Fox,
Little Plunge, like a mole, who with Ferret
and Search,
And beetle-browed Hawks-eye so dead at a
lurch:
Young Sly-looks, that scents the strong breeze
from the South,
And musical Echo-well, with his deep mouth.
Hark away, &c.

Our horses, thus all of the very best blood,
'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud;
And for hounds our opinions with thousands
we'll back,
That all England throughout can't produce
such a pack;
Thus having describ'd you dogs, horses and
crew,
Away we set off, for the Fox is in view.
Hark away, &c.

Sly Reynard's brought home, while the horns
sound a call,
And now you're all welcome to Batchelor's
Hall.

The savory Sir-loin grateful smoaks on the
board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite
hoard;
Come on then, do honour to this jovial place.
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from
the chace.

Hark away, &c.



DON'T you see that as how, I'm a Sports-
man in style,

All so kickish, so slim, and so tall!

Why I've search'd after game, and that many's
the mile

And seed no bit of nothing at all.

My licence I pockets, my pony I strides,

And I pelts through the wind and the rain,

And if likely to fall, sticks the spurs in the sides,

Leaves the bridle and holds by the mane,

To be sure dad at home kicks up no little strife:

But dabby, what's that—en't it fashion and
life?

And at sporting I never was known for to lag,

I was also in danger the first:

When at Epping, last Easter, they turn'd out
a stag,

I'm the lad that was roll'd in the dust:

Then they calls me a nincom! why over the
fields—

There a little beyond Dulwich Common,
I, a chick and a goose, tumbled neck over
heels,

And two mudlarks, besides an old woman.
Then let miserly dad, kick up sorrow and strife;
I'm the lad that's genteel, and knows fashion
and life.

But don't go for to think, I neglects number
one!

Often when my companions with ardour
Are hunting about, with the dog and the gun

I goes and I, hunts in the larder:
There I springs me a woodcock, or flushes a
quail,

Or finds puss as she sits under cover;
Then so-ho, to the barrel, to start me some ale,

And when I have dined and fed Rover,
Pays my landlord's shot, as I ogles his wife,
While the daughter cries out—Lord what fa-
shion and life!

Then I buys me some game, all as homeward
we jog,

And when the folks ax—how I got 'em:
Though I shootted but once, and then kill'd
the poor dog,

I swears, and then stands to't I've shot 'em:

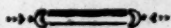
So

So come round me, ye sportsmen, that's smart
and what not,

All stilish and cutting a flash,
When your piece won't kill game, charged
with powder and shot,

To bring 'em down—down with your cash!
And if with their jokes and their jeers, folks
are rife,

Why, dabby, says you, en't it fashion and life?



BRIGHT chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And spangles deck the thorn,
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,

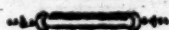
The lark springs from the corn;
Dogs, huntsmen round the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry,
Arise the burden of my song,

This day a stag must die.
With a hey, ho, chevy,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,
Hark, hark, tantivy,
This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale;
The upland winds they sweep along,
O'er fields, thro' brakes they fly,
The game is rous'd, too true the song
This day a stag must die.

With a hey, ho, &c.

Poor stag! the dogs thy haunches gore,
 The tears run down thy face,
 The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
 His joys were in the chace;
 Alike the generous sportsman burns,
 To win the blooming fair,
 But yet he honours each by turns,
 They each become his care.
 With a hey, ho, &c.

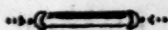


TO pleasure let's raise the heart cheering
 song
 While echo repeats the sweet sound;
 In the prime of our life, whether man, maid
 or wife,
 'Tis gay pleasure we hunt thro' the throng,
 And sweet the reward when she's found.
 When high pleasure's in view we all briskly
 pursue,
 Hark forward, hark forward, huzza,
 Tantivy, hark forward, away.

All ages and states will join in the song,
 While echo repeats the sweet sound;
 Some in riches delight, and some wish to fight,
 Some the bottle will hunt the night long,
 Some seek her in study profound.
 When high pleasure's, &c.

Then

Then all will delight in the heart-rending song,
While echo repeat the sweet sound;
We variously aim, our plan's still the same,
While hunting our pleasures prolong;
Contentment by pleasure is crown'd.
When high pleasure's, &c.



THE shout is gone forth, hark the deep
singing hound,
See the sport-loving high mettled steed spurn
the ground;
View him bend his proud neck, as he hears the
loud horn,
And snort the sharp air of the soft breathing
morn.
In an instant all nature is rous'd from her
trance!
And the hills seem to fly, and the trees seem
to dance;
These woodlands approach and those forests
retire,
With frantic delight, every bosom's on fire.

On a brow, the wrapt peasant can trace the
wild train
Pour down the slope mountain, and cover the
plain;
Up the steep, in the stream, or amidst the
scar'd flocks,
Who ne'er regards perils of rivers and rocks;

We plunge in the lake, o'er the precipice fly,
In view the fleet ANTELOPE, and hounds in
full cry.

What sportsman lacks courage, what courser
lacks breath;

Or, who feels fatigue when we're in at the
death.

Nor here ends the pleasure, nor here ends the
chace,

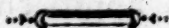
Ev'ry double we note, ev'ry danger retrace;
Recount in returning each peril we dar'd,
And point to each spot where the glory was
shar'd.

We view the vast fragment, the whirlpool
profound,

Ourselves, hounds, and ANTELOPE, acts, so
renown'd;

Then to Bacchus and Venus, our prowess re-
hearse,

And deck every deed, in the magic of verse.



NOW mounted—so—ho—away let us go,
While pleasure and health flow apace:
The game is in view, then quickly pursue,
And follow the joys of the chace.

See yonder, see where the poor tim'rous hare
Is seeking a safe lurking place;

Then let's not delay—hark, yonder, away!
We'll follow the joys of the chace.

With

With hound and with horn, all dangers we
scorn,

All sorrow forget in the race ;
Our hearts are so light, we join in the flight,
And follow the joys of the chace.

Now, now, we are near, she trembles with fear,

Our pleasure begins to increase :
She falls in the way—sing bravo ! huzza !
O such are the joys of the chace.



LET'S home, my brave boys, to tell all
our joys

While now with our victory we burn,
We'll laugh and we'll sing, our conquest we'll
bring,
And full of our pleasure return.

Let's loudly proclaim the joys of the game,

The dangers and perils we spurn :
How sportsmen so gay, chace sorrow away,
And full of their pleasure return.

Let poor powder'd fops—your dainty milk sops,

For their Chloes and Emily's mourn,
We act braver parts, nor feel Cupid's darts,
But full of our pleasure return.

Sing bravo—look there—our victim our hare,

Till to-morrow, then, let us adjourn :
To-morrow ! and then we'll hunt it again,
And full of our pleasure return.

YE sportsmen, draw near, and ye sports-
women too,

Who delight in the joys of the field.
Mankind, though they blame, are all eager as
you,

And no one the contest will yield.
His lordship, his worship, his honour, his
grace,

A hunting continually go ;
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage or deed ;
The husband gets up at the sound of the horn,
And rides to the Commons full speed ;
The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game ;
The poet too often lies low,
Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands
we sweep,

Though prudes on our pastime may frown,
How oft do they Decency's bounds overleap,
And the fences of Virtue break down !
Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,
For amusement, for passion, for show,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.

COME,

COME, ye sportsmen so brave, who delight in the field,
Where the bud-barren mountain fresh raptures
can yield;
Let the health-breathing chace rouse the soul
with delight,
With the jolly god Bacchus be jovial at night.
See the high-mettled steeds, where snorting
they fly,
While staunch the dogs cover the ground
in full cry!

How can ye, my boys, from such sports now
refrain,
When the horn's cheerful sound calls ye forth
to the plain?
Poor Pussey she flies, and seems danger to
scorn,
Then redoubles her speed, as she bounds o'er
the lawn.

See the high, &c.

She has cunningly cheated the scent of the
hounds;
Through hedge-rows she creeps, and sculks
o'er the downs:
Brush them in my bold hearts! she sits pant-
ing for breath!
The victim is seiz'd—Hark! the horn sounds
her death.

See the high, &c.

THE

THE blush of Aurora now tinges the morn,
And dew-drops bespangle the sweet-
scented thorn ;

Then sound, brother sportsman, sound, sound
the gay horn,

Till Phœbus awakens the day,

Till Phœbus awakens the day :

And see now he rises ! in splendour how bright !

I O Pæan ! I O Pæan !

For Phœbus, for Phœbus, the god of delight,
All glorious in beauty, now banishes night :

Then, mount boys, to horse, and away ;
To horse, and away ; to horse, and away, away.
All glorious in beauty, &c.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chace !
Health, bloom, and contentment, appear in
each face,

And in our swift coursers what beauty and
grace,

While we the fleet stag do pursue ;

While we, &c.

At the deep and harmonious sweet cry of the
hounds,

Wing'd by terror, wing'd by terror,

Wing'd by terror, he bursts from the forest's
wide bounds ;

And though like the lightning he darts o'er the
grounds,

Yet still, boys, we keep him in view,

We keep him in view, we keep him in view,
in view.

And though like lightning, &c.

When

When chac'd till quite spent, he his life does
resign,

Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,
And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,

That hunter so mighty, of fame,

That hunter, &c,

Our glasses then charge to our Country and
King;

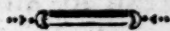
Love and beauty, love and beauty,

Love and beauty we'll fill to, and jovially sing;

Wishing health and success, till we make the
house ring,

To all sportsmen, and sons of the game,
And sons of the game, and sons of the game,
the game.

Wishing health, &c.



COME rouse, brother sportsmen, the hun-
ters all cry,

We've got a strong scent, and a favouring sky.

The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early
song.

We'll chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so
long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of
his face,

Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chace,

He soon will be up for his dawn wears away,

And makes the fields blush with the beams of
his ray.

Sweet

Sweet Molly may teize you, perhaps, to lie
down ;

And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown :
But tell her, sweet love must to hunting give
place,

For, as well as her charms, there are charms
in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy,
At his brush nimbly follows brisk Canter and
Fly.

They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls
they roll ;

We're in at the death, now return to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to
the King ;

From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring.

To George peace and glory may heavens dis-
pense,

And fox-hunters flourish a thousand years
hence !



HARK ! away ! 'tis the merry-ton'd horn
Calls the hunters all up with the morn,
To the hills and the woodlands we steer,
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

And all the day long, this, this is our song,
Still hollowing and following, so frolic and
free.

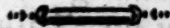
Our joys know no bounds, while we're after
the hounds ;

No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.

Round

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
While the hills they all echo Hollo!
With a bounce from his cover the stag flies,
Then our shouts long resound through the skies.
And all the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the valleys, 'or climb
Up the health-breathing mountain sublime,
What a joy from our labours we feel!
Which alone they who taste can reveal.
And all the day long, &c.



DO you hear, brother sportsmen, the sound
of the horn,

And yet the sweet pleasure decline?
For shame, rouse your senses, and, e'er it be
morn,

With me the sweet melody join.

Through the wood and the valley,

How the traitor will rally,

Nor quit him till panting he lies;

While hounds in full cry,

Through hedges shall fly,

And chase the swift hare till he dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and
fields

Both willing and joyous repair;

No pastime in life greater happiness yields,

Than chasing the fox or the hare.

Such

Such comforts, my friend,
 On the sportsman attend,
 No pleasure like hunting is found :
 For when it is o'er,
 As brisk as before,
 Next morning we spurn up the ground.



LAST Valentine's day, when bright Phœ-
 bus shone clear,
 (I had not been hunting for more than a year)
 Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho,
 I mounted Black Sloven, o'er the road made
 him bound ;
 For I heard the hounds challenge, and horns
 sweetly sound.
 Tally ho, Tally ho, &c.

Hallow, into covert, old Antony cries ;
 No sooner he spoke, but the fox, sir, he spies.
 Tally ho.
 This being the signal, he then crack'd his whip ;
 Tally ho was the word, and away we did leap.
 Tally ho.

Then up rides Dick Dawson, who car'd not
 a pin ;
 He sprang at the drain, but his horse tumbled
 in. : Tally ho.
 And as he crept out, why he spied the old Ren,
 With his tongue hanging out, stealing home
 to his den. Tally ho.

Our

Our hounds and our horses were always as good
As ever broke covert, or dash'd through the
wood. Tally ho.

Old Reynard runs hard, but must certainly die.
Have at you, old Tony, Dick Dawson did
cry. Tally ho.

The hounds they had run twenty miles, now,
or more ;

Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too, and
swore. Tally ho.

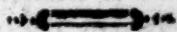
But Reynard, being spent, soon must give up
the ghost, -

Which will heighten our joys when we come
to each toast. Tally ho.

The day's sport being over, the horns we will
sound,

To the jolly fox-hunters let echoes resound.
Tally ho.

So fill up your glasses, and cheerfully drink,
To the honest true sportsman who never will
shrink. Tally ho.



FROM the east breaks the morn ;

See the sun-beams adorn

The wild heath, and the mountains so high ;

Shrilly ope's the staunch hound,

The steed neigh to the sound,

And the floods and the valleys reply.

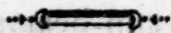
Our

Our forefathers, so good,
 Prov'd their greatness of blood,
 By encount'ring the pard and the boar :
 Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
 Age and youth urg'd the chace,
 And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence of noble descent,
 Hills and wilds we frequent,
 Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd :
 Though in life's busy day
 Man of man makes a prey,
 Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full sight,
 Gods, how great the delight !
 How our mutual sensations refine !
 Where is care ? where is fear ?
 Like the winds, in the rear ;
 And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys,
 Lo, each pants for the joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole.
 Then at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chace over the bowl.



NOW the hill-tops are burnish'd with azure
 and gold,
 And the prospect around us most bright to
 behold.

The

The hounds are all trying the mazes to trace,
The steeds are all neighing, and pant for the
chace.

Then rouse, each true sportsman, and join,
at the down,

The song of the hunters, and sound of the
horn.

Health braces the nerves, and gives joy to the
face,

Whilst over the heath we pursue the fleet chace;
See, the downs now we leave, and the coverts
appear,

As eager we follow the fox or the hare.

Then rouse each, &c.

Wherever we go, pleasure waits on us still,
if we sink in the valley, or rise on the hill;
O'er hedges and rivers we valiantly fly,
For, fearless of death, we ne'er think we shall
die.

Then rouse each, &c.

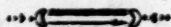
From ages long past, by the poets we're told,
That hunting was lov'd by the sages of old;
That the soldier and huntsman were both on
a par,

And the health-giving chace made them bold
in the war.

Then rouse each, &c.

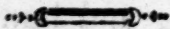
When

When the chace is once over, away to the
 bowl,
 The full-flowing bumpers shall cheer up the
 soul ;
 Whilst jocund our songs shall with choruses
 ring,
 We'll toast to our lasses, our country, and king,
 Then rouse each, &c.



LET the slave of ambition and wealth,
 On the frolic of fortune depend ;
 I ask but old claret and health,
 A pack of good hounds, and a friend.
 In such real joys will be found,
 True happiness centers in these ;
 While each moment that dances around,
 Is crown'd with contentment and ease.

Old claret can drive away care ;
 Health smiles on our days as they roll,
 What can with true friendship compare ?
 And a Tally I love with my soul.
 Then up with your bumpers, my boys,
 Each hour that flies we'll improve ;
 A heel tap's a spy on our joys—
 Here's to fox-hunting, friendship and love.



ROUSE, rouse, jolly sportsmen, the hounds
 are all out,
 The chace is begun, I declare ;
 Come up, and to horse, let us follow the rout,
 And join in the chace of the hare.

Hark ! hark ! don't you hear they are now in
the dale ?

The horn, how melodious it sounds !
Poor Puss, in a fright, how she strives to pre-
vail,

And fly from the cry of the hounds !
And fly, &c.

Though up to the hills and the mountains she
scales,

Whose top seems to join to the sky ;
We mount in the air like a kite in a gale,
And follow the hounds in full cry ;
Though into the copse there for refuge she flies,
We kill her, it's twenty the odds :
While echo surrounds us with hooting and
cries,

We seem to converse with the gods.
We seem, &c.

Our freedom with conscience is never alarm'd,
We are strangers to envy and strife ;
When blest with a wife, we return to her arms,
Sport sweetens the conjugal life.

Our days pass away in a scene of delight,
Which kings and their courtiers ne'er taste ;
In pleasures of love we revel all night,
Next morning return to the chace.

Next morning, &c.

THE

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing dawn,
The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note;
Loud sings the blackbird through resounding groves,

And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

Away to the copse, to the copse lead away,
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds;
I'll warrant he shews us, he shews us some play:

See, yonder he skulks through the grounds.
Then spur your brisk coursers, and smoke 'em,
my bloods,

'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn:
What concert is equal to those of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn?

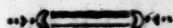
Each earth, see, he tries at in vain,
In cover no safety can find;
So he breaks it and scours amain,
And leaves us at distance behind.
O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we scorn;
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die;
Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps through the dale;
All parch'd, from his mouth hangs his tongue;
His speed can no longer prevail,
Nor his life can his cunning prolong;

From

From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain
that he fled.

See his brush falls bemir'd, forlorn ;
The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
And shout to the sound of the horn.



THE sun from the east tips the mountains
with gold,

And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops
behold,

Hark ! the lark's early matin proclaims the
new day, -

And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our
delay,

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
can vie,

While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his
sport,

And the slave of the State hunt the smiles of
the Court ;

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,

But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree :

The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;

The doctor, a patient ; the courtier, a place ;

Though often, like us, they're flung out with
disgrace.

With the sports, &c.

G

The

The cit hunts a plumb, while the soldier hunts
fame;

The poet, a dinner; the patriot, a name;
And the artful coquette, though she seems to
refuse,

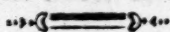
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.
With the sports, &c

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth;
All the blessings we ask, is the blessing of
health,

With hounds and with horns through the
woodlands to roam,

And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at
home.

With the sports, &c.



THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen
abroad;

To horse, my brave boys, and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox!

O'er hill and o'er valley he flies:

Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza!

The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

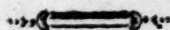
Triumphant returning at night with the spoil.

Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay;

How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,

And lose the fatigues of the day!

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy :
Dull wisdom all happiness sours.
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.
With flow'rs, let's strew, &c.



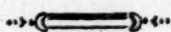
THE morning is charming, all nature looks
gay ;
Away, my brave boys, to your horses away ;
For the prime of our humour's in quest of the
hare ;
We have not so much as a moment to spare.
Hark, the lively-ton'd horn, how melodious
it sounds,
To the musical tone of the merry-mouth'd
hounds !

O'er highlands, and lowlands, and woodlands
we fly,
Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full
cry,
So match'd in the mouth, and so swiftly they run,
Like the trine of the spheres, and the race of
the sun ;
Health, Joy, and Felicity, dance in the rounds,
And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure
sign
That the hare, though a stout one, begins to
decline ;

A chace

A chace of two hours or more she has led,
She's down—look about you—they have her
—she's dead.
How glorious a death to be honour'd with
sounds
Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds!

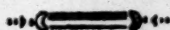


WHEN Phœbus begins just to peep o'er
the hills,
With horns we awaken the day;
And rouse, brother sportsmen, who sluggishly
sleep,
With hark! to the woods! hark! away!
See the hounds are uncoupled in musical cry,
How sweetly it echos around;
And high-mettled steeds with their neighings
all seem
With pleasure to echo the sound.

Behold where sly Reynard, with panic and
dread,
At distance o'er hillocks doth bound;
The pack on the scent fly with rapid career;
Hark! the horns! O how sweetly they
sound!
Now on to the chace, o'er hills and o'er dales,
All dangers we nobly defy;
Our nags are all stout, and our sports we'll
pursue,
With shouts that resound to the sky.

But

But see how he lags, all his arts are in vain,
No longer with swiftmess he flies ;
Each hound in his fury determines his fate ;
The traitor is seized on, and dies.
With shouting and joy we return from the field,
With drink crown the sports of the day ;
Then to rest we recline, till the horn calls again ;
Then away to the woodlands, away.



WHEN Sol from the east had illumined
the sphere,

And gilded the lawns and the riv'lets so clear,
I rose from my tent, and like Richard I call'd
For my horse, and my hounds, too, loudly I
bawl'd.

Hark forward, my boys, Billy Meadows he
cry'd :

No sooner he spoke, but Old Reynard he spy'd.
Over-joy'd at the sight, we began for to skip ;
Tontaron went the horn, and smack went the
whip.

Tom Bramble scour'd forth ; when almost to
his chin,

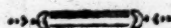
O'erleaping a ditch,—by the lord he leap'd in ;
When just as it hap'd, but the sly master Ren.
Was sneakingly hast'ning to make to his den.

Then away we pursued, brake, covert, and
wood ;

Not quickset, nor thickset, our pleasure with-
stood.

So-ho! master Reynard—Jack Rivers he cry'd,
 Old Ren. you shall die—Daddy Hawthorn re-
 ply'd.

All gay as the lark the green woodlands we
 trac'd,
 While the merry-ton'd horn inspir'd as we
 chac'd ;
 No longer poor Reynard his strength could he
 boast,
 To th' hounds he knock'd under, and gave up
 the ghost.
 The sports of the field when concluded and o'er,
 We sound the horn back again over the moor;
 At night take the glass, and most chearily sing
 The fox-hunters round, not forgetting the king.



WITH early horn, salute the morn,
 That gilds this charming place ;
 With chearful cries, bid Echo rise,
 And join the jovial chace.
 With early horn, &c.

The vocal hills around,
 The waving woods,
 The chrystal floods,
 All, all return th' enliv'ning sound.
 With early horn, &c.

YE sluggards, who murder your lifetime in sleep,

Awake, and pursue the fleet hare ;
From life, say, what joy, say, what pleasure
you reap,

That e'er could with hunting compare.
When Phœbus begins to enliven the morn,
The huntsman attended by hounds,
Rejoices and glows at the sound of the horn,
Whilst woods the sweet echo resound.

The courtier, the lawyer, the priest have a
view,

Nay ev'ry profession the same ;
But sportsmen, ye mortals, no pleasure pursue,
But such as accrue from the game.

While drunkards are pleas'd in the joys of the
cup,

And turn into day ev'ry night,
At the break of each morn the huntsman is up,
And bounds o'er the lawns with delight.

Then quickly, my lads, to the forest repair,

O'er hills, dales, and valleys let's fly ;
For who can, ye gods, feel a moment of care,
When each joy will another supply ?

Thus each morning, each day, in raptures we
pass,

And desire no comfort to share,
But at night to refresh with the bottle and glass,
And feed on the spoil of the hare.

A Sweet-scented Beau, and a simp'ring
 young Cit,
 An artful Attorney, a Rake, and a Wit,
 Set out on the chace in pursuit of her heart,
 Whilst Chloe disdainfully laugh'd at their art;
 And rous'd by the hounds to meet the sweet
 morn,

Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit swore by his fancy, the Beau by his face,
 The Lawyer with quibble set out on the chace,
 The Cit with exactness made up his account,
 The Rake told his conquests, how vast the
 amount!

She laugh'd at their follies, and, blithe as the
 morn,

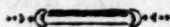
Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Their clamorous noise rous'd a jolly young
 swain;

Hark forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd over
 the plain:

He distanc'd the Wit, the Cit, and the Beau,
 And won the fair nymph with hollo! hillio!
 Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the
 morn;

Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.



BRIGHT dawns the day with rosy face,
 And calls the sportsman to the chace.

With musical horn salute the gay morn,

These jolly companions to cheer;

With enliv'ning sounds encourage your hounds
 To rival the speed of the deer.

If

If you'd find out his lair, to the woodlands re-
pair :

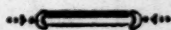
Hark ! hark ! he's unharbour'd, they cry ;
Then fleet o'er the plain we gallop a main ;
All, all is a triumph of joy.

O'er hills, heaths, and woods, thro' forests
and floods,

The stag flies as swift as the wind ;
The valley resounds with a chorus of hounds,
That chant in a concert behind.

Adieu to old Care, pale Grief, and Despair ;
We ride in oblivion of fear ;
All sorrow and pain we leave to the train,
Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo, the stag stands at bay, the pack's at a stay,
They eagerly seize on their prize ;
The welkin resounds with a chorus of hounds,
Shrill horns wind his knell, and he dies.



COME away, come away, hark, the sound
of the horn,
And the hounds' noble chorus has wak'd the
new morn.
Briskly follow, my boys ; see old Reynard is
found,
And no doubt, before night, he will lead us a
round.

Huzza, my brave boys, to the woods we'll
repair,

To chace the sly fox, or o'ertake the fleet
hare.

What manhood can boast, may in hunting be
found :

We leap stiles and hedges, and fly o'er the
ground ;

We ne'er fear our necks while the chace is in
sight ;

The greater the danger, the more our delight.
Huzza, &c.

When Reynard is caught, with shrill hound,
horn, and voice,

We make the woods ring, and the peasants re-
joice ;

Our triumph with innocent pleasure they view,
And acknowledge that hunters were always True
Blue.

Huzza, &c.

To the joys of the day succeed those of the
night,—

A well furnish'd table is then our delight ;

'Tween Bacchus and Venus our time glides
away,

Till the horn calls us forth to the chace of the
day,

Huzza, my brave boys ; now we'll home-
ward repair,

From the chace of the fox, to the charms
of the fair.

HARK !

HARK! hark! the joy-inspiring horn
Salutes the rosy rising morn,
And echoes through the dale;
With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
The hounds quick-scented scow'r the ground,
And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
The brisk, high-mettled, starting steed;
The jovial pack pursue;
Like lightning, darting o'er the plains,
The distant hills with speed he gains,
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
And to the copse for shelter makes,
There pants a-while for breath;
When now the noise alarms her ear,
Her haunt's descry'd, her fate is near,
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize;
She faints, she falls, she dies:
The distant coursers now come in,
And join the loud, triumphant din,
Till echo rend the skies.



TO the woods and the fields, my brave
boys, haste away;
Our sport is to follow the hare;
For the morning is clear, and delightfully gay;
Sure nothing with this can compare.

Then our horses so swift, and courageously
bold,

Our hounds so well scented and fleet,
Hark, hark, they're all off, they're crossing
the field,

Let's pursue them with courage and heat.

See, see, how poor Pussey redoubles her speed;
Through briars, brakes, hedges, she flies;
With the hounds in full tone, and Old Ball in
the lead;

Sweet echo resounds to the skies.

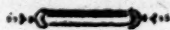
But, behold, on a sudden, the hounds are all
lost;

She's squatted, and now pants for breath;
'Till, alas! she soon finds, and that to her cost,
The pursuit will soon finish in death.

Then huzza, my brave boys, let us hasten to
crown

The pleasures of this happy day;
For our spouses and sweethearts we'll never
disown,

But be always blithe, jolly, and gay.



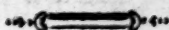
NOW Aurora is up, the sweet goddess of day,
Let's hail the gay nymph of the morn;
Bid the shepherds and maids tune their tabors,
and play;

Bid the huntsman attend with his horn.

To slavish dull rules let the cit be confin'd,
Let him toil day and night too for wealth:
To hunting and fowling our lives are confin'd;
And our riches, my lads, is good health.

By yon rural copse just op'ning to sight,
View the young tender brood, and prepare;
Let them first for the sky, my good boys, wing
their flight;
True sportsmen delight to shoot fair.

When return'd from the chace, let the bum-
pers go round,
Let us merrily revel and sing;
In women and wine true harmony's found;
Fill your glasses, and toast to the King.



THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn:
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay:
My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows;
You cannot hunt to day.
Yet a hunting, &c.

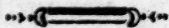
Sly

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
 And sweeps across the vale ;
 But when the hounds too near he spies,
 He drops his bushy tail.
 Then a hunting, &c.

Fond Echo seems to like the sport,
 And join the jovial cry ;
 The woods, the hills, the sound retort,
 And music fills the sky.
 When a hunting, &c.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
 Then hungry, homeward we return
 To feast away the night.
 And a drinking, &c.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn
 Prepare then for the chace,
 Rise at the sounding of the horn,
 And health with sport embrace.
 When a hunting, &c.



HOW smooth glides the stream the gay
 meadows along !
 The birds are all cheerful, how tuneful their
 song !
 How Flora the meads with her gifts doth adorn,
 The violet, the rose, and the fair-blooming
 thorn !

Then

Then hark! still to heighten the joys of this
place.

The sound of the horn speaks the hounds are
in chase.

See, over yon clover the hare swiftly flies,
While the hunters pursue her with clamorous
cries:

Haste, haste then, away, let us join in the sport;
Leap the banks, fly the gates, to yon cover re-
sort;

There trembling she lies, panting, gasping for
breath:

Let's follow with speed, to be in at the death.

'Tis done—she is breathless: now home we
repair,

While peals, loud, triumphant, resound through
the air;

Not a hill, or a valley, or cavern around,
Where Echo resides, but repeats the glad sound;
While Phœbus, well pleas'd, the gay prospect
surveys,

And streaks the fair morn with his brightest of
rays.

Thus, bless'd with the pleasure the country
affords,

Content with our station, more happy than lords;
With hearts true and loyal we jovially sing;
Not troubled with cares from ambition that
spring:

While the courtier is eagerly hunting a place,
We jocundly join in the sports of the chase.

O YES

O YES! O yes! a proclamation's made;
Diana soon the wood begins to cheer;
Her will and pleasure then must be obey'd,
And, at her call, her nymphs and train be
here.

From sleep's downy charms each a hunter must
rise,

The horn's loud alarms bid us slumber despise.
From the east the gay morning discovers her
face,

And hounds, men, and horses, now pant for
the chace.

Nor gates, floods, or mounds,

Our speed can allay:

Hark! the hollow resounds

As we follow our prey.

Hills and valleys we leave in a moment behind;
We clear the deep woodland, and outstrip the
wind.

Our bold female train

No dangers dismay;

Fear checks them in vain,

They share in the day.

They lead the gay band, while the deer is in
view;

Like lightning he flies, and as swift they pursue;

The brisk driving chace

Enlivens each vein,

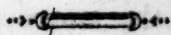
Gives bloom to each face,

And disperses all pain.

May

May the joys of the field be our sport and our
play!

Wake, wake, at the call of the Hark! hark!
away!



GIVE round the word Dismount, Dismount,
While echo'd by the sprightly horn;
The toils and pleasures we recount,
Of this sweet health-inspiring morn.

'Twas glorious sport, not one did lag,
Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand;
But all as firmly kept their pace,
As had Actæon been the stag,
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddess of the chace.

The hounds were out, and snuff'd the air,
And scarce had reach'd th' appointed spot,
But pleas'd they heard a Layer, a Layer,
And presently drew on the slot.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets:
The deep mouth'd hounds begin to bawl;
And echo note for note repeats,
While sprightly horns resound a call.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace;
And while war-haunch the huntsman cries,
His bosom swells, tears wet his face—
He pants, he struggles, and he dies.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

THE

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn,
And bids the hunter rise ;
The op'ning hound returns the sound,
And echo fills the skies.
See ruddy health, more dear than wealth,
On yon blue mountain's brow ;
The neighing steed invokes our speed,
And Reynard trembles now.

In ancient days, as story says,
The woods our fathers sought ;
The rustic race ador'd the chace,
And hunted as they fought.
Come, let's away, make no delay,
Enjoy the forest's charms ;
Then o'er the bowl expand the soul,
And rest in Cloe's arms.



SINCE time and experience repeatedly tell,
In life no diversion can hunting excel,
Make much of the sport, ev'ry season embrace,
And honour each call that invites to the chace.

We start with the day, at the dwarf-holes pa-
rade,
Break covert, and instantly dash through the
glade ;
In hopes of true pleasure led cheerfully on,
Our game to make sure of, or run down the sun,

How

How charming the prospect, how num'rous the
train,
A hundred or more to behold on the plain ;
And of the appearance that number exceeds,
When Birmingham sportsmen have mounted
their steeds !

To Lord Donegal our best wishes we give,
That long to partake of the joys he may live.
When the day's sport is crown'd, crown the
night o'er a bowl :
A fox-hunter never wants freedom of soul.

The greatness of pleasures the world can be-
stow,
Is only, my worthies, for hunters to know ;
The true jolly sportsman looks cheerful as
spring,
And the prince of a huntsman is seen in a King. *



WELL met, brother sportsman ; what say'st
to the morn ?
Dost not think it a scent-laying day ?
With the heart-cheering hounds, and enrap-
turing horn,
To the coppice let's hasten away.

* The name of the huntsman.

The

The morning is fresh, and the winds are all still,
The day-light approaches apace.
The bright God of Day tips with gold the blue
hill,
And awaits for the charms of the chace.

Second Sportsman.

This morn, by a shepherd (hard by) was I told,
That Old Reynard has been in the field,
And stole a young lambkin away from the fold,
Besides many more that he kill'd.
Then to horse, let's away, and abroad with the
hounds ;
We'll draw yonder copse, if you please,
Where echo shall double and treble the sounds,
And the traitor reclines at his ease.

First Sportsman.

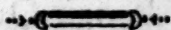
'Tis agreed: come away, sound, sound the
gay horn,
The hounds are impatient to go ;
And blushing Aurora, fair Queen of the morn,
Will chide us for loitering so.

Second Sportsman.

Up mountains we'll climb, and we'll dart
through the woods ;
The hounds and the horn shall combine,
With echo's sweet notes rolling over the floods:
May such rapture for ever be mine !

AS health, rosy health, from cheerfulness
flows,
And sloth draws old age on apace ;
To avoid sad disease, and such mortal foes,
By cheerfully joining the chace,
To the wood then let's haste—Diana invites,
And thus does the Goddess report,
“If you wish to gain health with much joy
and delight,
“Mount your coursers and follow the sport.”

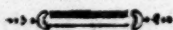
For nature, gay nature, imparts in the chace,
Those charms which but hunters enjoy ;
There we see a strong picture of life's eager
race,
In a pastime that never can cloy.
Then at night when the chace has bestow'd all
its charms,
And they're sung o'er the joy-giving bowl ;
To repose we retire in beauty's soft arms,
Where transports envelope the soul.



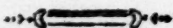
HOW sweet in the woodland, with fleet
hound and horn,
To waken shrill Echo, and taste the fresh
morn !
But hard is the chace my fond heart must pursue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne is lost to my view.

Assist

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
 More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with
 disdain;
 In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies:
 Though Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo who
 dies.



WITH horns and with hounds I waken the
 day,
 And hie to my woodland walks away;
 I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my forehead a waxing moon:
 While shouting and hooting we pierce thro'
 the sky,
 While Echo turns huntress, and doubles the cry.



RECITATIVE.

HARK! the horn calls away;
 Come the grave, come the gay;
 Wake to music that wakens the skies,
 Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

AIR.

From the east breaks the morn,
 See the sun-beams adorn
 The wild heath, and the mountains so high;
 The wild heath, and the mountains so high;
 Shrilly

Shrilly opens the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the vallies reply ;
And the floods and the vallies reply.

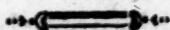
Our forefathers, so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the hart and the boar ;
By encount'ring, &c.
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chase,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar ;
And taught, &c.

Hence, of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's revealed,
Where the, &c.
Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field ;
Still let ours, &c.

With the chase in full sight,
Gods ! how great the delight !
How our mortal sensations refine
How our, &c.
Where is care, where is fear ?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine ;
And the man's, &c.

Now

Now to horse, my brave boys :
Lo, each pant for the joys.
That anon shall enliven the whole ;
That anon shall enliven the whole.
Then at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chase over the bowl ;
And renew the chase over the bowl.



SEE the dawn how it rises, in golden array,
While the horn sounds the summons to
join in the chase.
Hark, the dogs, with their horses, now wel-
come the day,
When with sport and true concord we hun-
ters embrace.
The hounds are abroad, see the breaking of day ;
From the cover, the cover, unkennel the fox,
Attend to the cry, hark away, hark away,
We'll bound over mountains and rocks.

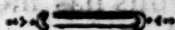
While we sweep o'er the hills, or the moun-
tains ascend,
Or through rapid rivers our steeds swiftly
guide,
No danger we fear that can hunting attend,
True courage was ne'er to a sportsman de-
nied.

The hounds are abroad, &c.

Then

Then leave for awhile the soft arms of your fair,
 See Aurora, to tempt you, has nature display'd;
 The sports of Diana the morning must share,
 Then to friendship and love let due tribute
 be paid.

The hounds are abroad, &c.



OF horses and hounds who scud swift o'er
 the plain,

Praise has oft wing'd its notes to the sky,
 While echoing horns have repeated the strain,
 And join'd in the huntsman's full cry.
 My voice I'll attune, then the chace grace my
 song,

For naught can compare to its joys;
 O'er mountains, thro' valley we spunk it along,
 With tantivy, tantivy, hark forward my boys.

'Tis exercise ever gives health its warm glow,
 And yields to refreshment a zest;
 How sweetly to friendship the bottle will glow,
 When return'd plenty welcomes each guest.
 My voice I'll attune, &c.

Our hounds truly train'd are of excellent breed,
 Brother sportsmen I'm your's while I've
 breath;

Our horses are ne'er to be equall'd in speed,
 And we always are in at the death.
 My voice I'll attune, &c.

H

From

From the shades could old Nimrod, that hunter
 of old,
 Be permitted to view our domain;
 Our horses, our hounds, and our huntsmen so
 bold,
 He'd wish to pass life o'er again.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot
 of day,
 And the horns and the hounds call each sports-
 man away;
 Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed
 now they bound,
 While health, rosy health, is in exercise found.
 Hark away is the word, to the sound of the horn,
 And echo, blithe echo, makes jovial the morn,

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
 While puss flies the covert, and dogs quick
 pursue;
 Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading
 plain,
 While the loud opening pack pursue her amain.
 Hark away, &c.

At length puss is caught, and lies panting for
 breath,
 And the shout of the huntsman's the signal for
 death,
 No joys can compare to the sports of the field,
 To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must
 yield,

Hark away, &c.

THE

THE sweet rosy morn peeps over the hills,
With blushes adorning the meadows and
fields;

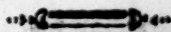
The merry, merry, merry, merry horn, calls
come, come, come away,
Awake from your slumber and hail the new day.

The stag rous'd before us away seems to fly,
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry;
Then follow follow follow the musical chace,
Where pleasure and vigour with health you
embrace.

The day's sport when over makes blood circle
right,

And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the
night :

Then let us now enjoy all we can while we may,
Let love crown the night as our sports crown
the day.



THE moment Aurora peep'd into the room,
I put on my cloaths, and I call'd for my
groom;

Will Whistle by this had uncoupled the hounds,
Who, lively and mettlesome, frisk'd o'er the
grounds.

And we're all saddled, fleet, dapple and grey,
Seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, hark,
away!

'Twas now, by the clock, about five in the
morn,

And we all gallopp'd off to the sound of the
horn;

Jack Gater, Bill Babbler, and Dick at the goose;
When all of a sudden, out starts mistress Puss,
Men, horses, and dogs, not a moment would
stay.

And Echo was heard to cry hark! hark away.

The course was a fine one, she took o'er the
plain,

Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled
again;

'Till at last, she to cover returned out of breath;
Where I, and Will Whistle, where in at the
death;

Then, in triumph for you, I the hare did dis-
play,

And cry'd to the horns, my boys, hark, hark
away.



EVERY mortal some favourite pleasure
pursues,

Some to White's run for play, some to Batson's
for news;

To Shuter's droll phiz others thunder applause,

And some triflers delight to hear Nichols's noise;

But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun,

And my pleasures confine to my dog and my
gun.

Soon

Soon as Phœbus has finished his summer's career,
And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's care ;
When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harvest home,
And, their labours being o'er, are at leisure to roam ;
From the noise of the town and its follies I run,
And I range o'er the fields with my dog and my gun.

When my pointers around me carefully stand,
And none dares to stir, but the dog I command ;
When the covey he springs, and I bring down my bird,
I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford :
No pastime nor pleasure that's under the sun,
Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I repair,
And I brush thro' the thickets devoid of all fear ;
There I exercise freely my levelling skill,
And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag often fill ;
For death (where I find them) they seldom can shun,
My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under command ;
Some range at a distance, and some hunt at hand :

When a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant
spring,
With heart-cheering notes how they make the
woods ring ;
Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh run,
My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the sport of the day,
And spread o'er the table my conquer'd spoils
lay ;
Then I think of my friends, and to each send
a part ;
For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart :
Thus vices of town, and its follies I shun,
And my pleasures confine to my dog and my
gun.



SEE, the course throng'd with gazers, the
sports are begun,
What confusion !—but hear !—I'll bet you,—
done, done ;
A thousand strange rumours resound far and
near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies, assail the tir'd air ;
While with neck like a rainbow erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, his head almost touching
his breast ;
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.
Next Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and
ditch rush,
Men, horses, and dogs, are hard at his brush ;
O'er

O'er heath, hill, and moor, led by the sly prey,
By scent or by view, cheats a long tedious day;
Alike bred for joy in the field or the course,
Always sure to come thro' by some staunch
and fleet horse;

And when fairly run down, the fox yields up
his breath,

The high mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, used up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and wine-gall'd, but yet with
some blood;

While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won that sweep-stakes, his sire
won that race:

And what matches he'd won, to the ostlers
count o'er,

As they loiter'd their time by some hedg'd ale-
house door,

Whilst the harness sore galls, and the spurs his
sides goad,

The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

At length, old and feeble, trudging early and late,
Worn down by disease, he bends to his fate;
From morning to evening, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand till the sand of his hour-glass
stands still:

And now cold and lifeless, exposed to view
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew;
Whilst a pitying crowd his sad relicks sur-
rounds,

The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

MARTIAL SONGS.

CEASE, cease; those sighs I cannot bear;
 Hark! hark! the drums are calling.
 Oh! I must chide that coward tear,
 Or kiss it as 'tis falling.

Eliza, bid thy soldier go;
 Why thus my heart-strings sever?
 Ah! be not then my honour's foe,
 Or I am lost for ever.

Trust benevolence above,
 With mind resign'd and steady;
 He'll never wound, believe me, love,
 The heart that's broke already.

Serene yon dreadful field I see,
 Whatever fate betide me;
 Thy shelter innocence shall be,
 And I've no wish beside thee.

MY Nancy leaves the rural train,
 A camp's distress to prove;
 All other ills she can sustain,
 But living from her love:
 Yet, dearest, though your soldier's there,
 Will not your spirit fail,
 To mark the hardships you must share,
 Dear Nancy of the Dale?

Or,

Or, should my love each danger scorn,
Ah! how shall I secure
Your health, 'mid toils which you were born
To soothe, but not endure?
A thousand perils I must view,
A thousand ills assail;
Nor must I tremble e'en for you,
Dear Nancy of the Dale.



THE fife and drum sound merily;
A soldier, a soldier's the lad for me;
With my true love I soon will be:
For who's so kind, so true as he?
With him in ev'ry toil I'll share;
To please him shall be all my care:
Each peril I'll dare,
And all hardships bear;
For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

Then, if kind Heav'n preserve my love,
What rapt'rous joy shall his Nancy prove!
Swift through the camp shall my footsteps
bound,
To meet my William, with conquest crown'd.
Close to my faithful bosom prest,
Soo shall he hush his cares to rest;
Clasp'd in these arms,
Forget war's alarms;
For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

HARK! the din of distant war,
 How noble is the clangor!
 Pale death ascends his ebon car,
 Clad in terrific anger.
 A doubtful fate the soldier tries,
 Who joins the gallant quarrel;
 Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,
 No wife, no friend, to close his eyes;
 Though nobly mourn'd,
 Perhaps return'd,
 He's crown'd with vict'ry's laurel.

How many who, disdaining fear,
 Rush on the desperate duty,
 Shall claim the tribute of the tear
 That dims the eye of beauty!
 A doubtful fate, &c.

What noble fate can Fortune give?
 Renown shall tell our story,
 If we should fall; but, if we live,
 We live our country's glory.
 'Tis true, a doubtful fate he tries, &c.



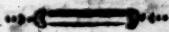
BROTHER soldiers, why cast down?
 Never, boys, be melancholy.
 You say our lives are not our own;
 But, therefore, should we not be jolly?

This

This poor tenement at best,
Depends on fickle chance: mean while
Drink, laugh, and sing; and, for the rest,
We'll boldly brave each rude campaign;
Secure, if we return again,
Our pretty landlady shall smile.

Fortune his life and your's commands;
And this moment, should it please her
To require it at your hands,
You can but die, and so did Cæsar.
Our span, though long, were little worth,
Did we not time with joy beguile:
Laugh then, the while you stay on earth,
And boldly brave, &c.

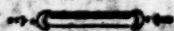
Life's a debt we all must pay,
'Tis so much pleasure which we borrow;
Nor heed, if on a distant day
It is demanded, or to-morrow.
The bottle says we're tardy grown;
Do not the time and liquor spoil?
Laugh out the little life you own,
And boldly brave, &c.



IF deep thy poignard thou would'st drench
In blood, to 'venge old Blenheim's woes,
My enemies, boy, are the French,
And all who are my country's foes.

Shall I receive an added day
 Of life, when crimes your name shall brand?
 No; never let detraction say,
 That virtue arm'd a murderer's hand.
 If deep, &c.

Of anger then, no single breath,
 Respire for my poor sake—but since
 You've spirit to encounter death,
 Die for your country and your prince.
 If deep, &c.



A BRITISH soldier is my dad,
 The couch of ease disdaining,
 And I a true-born British lad,
 Like him, live by campaigning;
 Dad makes the enemy retreat,
 His son and heir, I've fame in view,
 He ne'er was conquer'd, I ne'er beat,
 For when alarms, loud call to arms,
 I beat a rub-a-dub, and a rat-tat-too.

Like dad, from love I never fly,
 It's joys are so inviting,
 He loves old England, so do I,
 And glory take delight in;
 A heroe's name old dad enjoys,
 His son and heir, I've fame in view,
 And in the battle make some noise;
 For when alarms, loud call to arms,
 I beat a rub-a-dub, and a rat-tat-too.

WE

WE soldiers of Erin, so proud of the name,
We'll raise upon Rebels and French-
men our fame ;

We'll fight to the last in the honest old cause,
And guard our religion, our freedom, and laws ;
We'll fight for our country, our King, and his
crown,

And make all the traitors and croppies lie down,
The rebels so bold, when they've none to op-
pose,

To houses and hay-stacks are terrible foes ;
They murder poor parsons and likewise their
wives,

At the sight of a soldier they run for their lives :
Whenever we march through country and town,
In ditches and cellars the croppies lie down.

United in blood to their country's disgrace,
They secretly shoot those they dare not to face ;
But whenever we catch the sly rogues in the
field,

A handful of soldiers make hundreds to yield ;
The cowards collect but to raise our renown,
For as soon as we fire the croppies lie down.

While thus in this war so unmanly they wage,
On women, dear women, they turn their damn'd
rage

We'll fly to protect the dear creatures from
harms,

They'll be sure to find safety when clap'd in
our arms :

On

On love in a soldier no maiden will frown,
But bless the brave troops that made croppies
lie down.

Should France e'er attempt by force or by guile,
Her forces to land on old ERIN's sweet isle,
We'll shew that they ne'er can make free sol-
diers slaves;

They shall only possess our green fields for
their graves:

Our country's applauses our triumphs will
crown,

Whilst with their French brothers the croppies
lie down.

When wars and when dangers again shall be
o'er,

And peace with her blessings revisit our shore;
When arms we relinquish, no longer to roam,
With pride will our families welcome us home,
They'll drink in full bumpers past troubles to
drown,

A health to the lads that made croppies lie down.

SPREAD the flag and strike up with the fife
and the drum,

We invite you to glory and gain, sirs,
The vet'ran of sixty for bounty will come,
To gather new laurels again, sirs;

Though a little the older,
Let him be enroll'd here,

The old man I warrant will do for a soldier.

The

The courage of youth and the wisdom of age,
 Alike in our rank will be seen, sirs,
 The man who is sixty alike we engage,
 And the 'prentice who is not sixteen, sirs;
 The younger the bolder,
 Let him be enroll'd here,
 The lad will I warrant him do for a soldier.

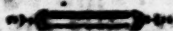
At last my brave boys you'll have freedom to
 beg,
 When the toils of campaigning are done, sirs,
 Lo, here is a vet'ran with only one leg,
 And here is a hero with none, sirs;
 Or younger or older,
 Let all be enroll'd here,
 Who aspire to the name of a gentleman sol-
 dier.

A DIEU, adieu, my only life,
 My honour calls me from thee:
 Remember thou art a soldier's wife,
 Those tears but ill become thee.
 What tho' by duty I am call'd
 Were thund'ring cannons rattle;
 Where valour's self might stand appall'd,
 Where valour's self might stand appall'd;
 When on the wings of thy dear love,
 To heaven above thy fervent oraisons are flown;
 The tender pray'r thou put'st up there
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.

My

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving,
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving.
 Let peril come, let horror threat,
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
 I fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assur'd when on the wings of love,
 To heaven above, &c.

Enough,—with that benignant smile
 Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee :
 I go,—assur'd,—my life ! adieu,
 Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Tho' murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
 When on the wings of thy true love,
 To heaven above, &c.



SEE the conquer'ing hero comes,
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drums ;
 Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
 Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the godlike youth advance,
 Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance :
 Myrtles wreath, and roses twine,
 To deck the hero's brows divine.

MISCEL-

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

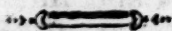
FLOW thou regal purple stream,
 Tinted by the solar beam;
 In my goblet sparkling rise,
 Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes :
 Flow thou regal purple stream,
 Tinted by the solar beam ;
 In my goblet sparkling rise,
 Cheer my heart and glad my eyes :
 In my sparkling goblet rise,
 Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes.

My brain ascend on Fancy's wing,
 'Noint me wine, a jovial king :
 My brain ascend on Fancy's wing,
 'Noint me, wine, a jovial king :
 My brain ascend on Fancy's wing,
 'Noint me, wine, a jovial king,
 A jovial king, a jovial king, a jovial king.

While I live, I'll lave my clay ;
 When I'm dead and gone away,
 Let my thirsty subjects say,
 A month he reign'd, and that was May :
 While I live, I'll lave my clay ;
 When I'm dead, and gone away,
 Let my thirsty subjects say,
 A month he reign'd, but that was May :

Let

Let my thirsty subjects say,
 A month he reign'd, but that was May :
 Let my thirsty subjects say,
 A month he reign'd, but that was May,
 But that was May, but that was May.

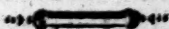


WE bipeds made up of frail clay,
 Alas are the children of sorrow ;
 And tho' brisk and merry to-day,
 We all may be wretched to-morrow :
 For sunshine's succeeded by rain,
 Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
 Lest pleasure should only bring pain :
 Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant, the best blessing we know
 Is a friend—for true friendship's a treasure ;
 And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
 Oh taste of the dangerous pleasure.
 Thus friendship's a flimsy affair ;
 Thus riches and health are a bubble ;
 Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
 Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life,
 That on earth could be nearest to heaven,
 Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife,
 To whom truth and honour are given :
 But honour and truth are so rare,
 And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
 That with all my respect for the fair,
 I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

It appears from these premises plain,
 That wisdom is nothing but folly,
 That pleasure's a term that means pain,
 And that joy is your true melancholy.
 That all those who laugh ought to cry,
 That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving;
 And that, since we must all of us die,
 We should all be unhappy while living.



DEAR is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and warbles there,
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To every passing villager:
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves, and myrtle bow'rs,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 I charm the fairy footed hours,
 With my lov'd lute's romantic sound.
 Or crowns of living laurel weave
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn, at break of day,
 The ballet danc'd at twilight glade,
 The canzonet, and roundelay,
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade:
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

By

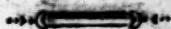
BY moonlight on the green,
 Where lads and lasses stray,
 How sweet the blossom'd bean!
 How sweet the new made hay!
 But not to me so sweet
 The blossoms on the thorn,
 As when my lad I meet,
 More fresh than May day morn:
 Give me the lad so blithe and gay,
 Give me the Tartan-pladdie;
 For, spite of all the wise can say,
 I'll wed my Highland laddie,
 My bonny Highland laddie:
 My bonny Highland laddie,
 My bonny, bonny, bonny, bonny,
 Bonny Highland laddie.

His skin is white as snow,
 His e'en are bonny blue,
 Like rose-bud sweet his mou'
 When wet wi' morning dew.
 Young Will is reach and great,
 And fain wou'd ca' me his;
 But what is pride or state,
 Without love's smiling bliss?
 Give me the lad, &c.

When first he talk'd of love,
 He look'd sae blithe and gay,
 His flame I did approve,
 And cou'd na say him nay.

Then

Then to the kirk I'll haste,
 There prove my love and truth;
 Reward a love sae chaste,
 And wed the constant youth.
 Give me the lad, &c.



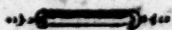
AT the peaceful midnight hour,
 Every sense and every power,
 Fetter'd lies in downy sleep:
 Then our careful watch we keep,
 Then our careful watch we keep.

While the wolf, in nightly prow,
 Bays the moon with hideous howl:
 While the wolf, in nightly prow,
 Bays the moon with hideous howl:
 While the wolf, in nightly prow,
 Bays the moon with hideous howl.

Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance;
 Females shriek, but no assistance;
 Silence, silence, or you meet your fate;
 Silence, or you meet your fate—
 Your keys, your jewels, cash and plate!
 Your keys, your jewels,
 Your jewels, cash and plate,
 Your jewels, cash and plate,
 Your jewels, cash and plate.

Locks, bolts, and bars, soon fly asunder:
 Locks, bolts, and bars, soon fly asunder,
 Then to rifle, rob, and plunder:

Locks, bolts, and bars, soon fly asunder,
 Then to rifle, rob, and plunder,
 To rifle, rob, and plunder,
 To rifle, rob, and plunder.



LET bards elate of Sue and Kate,
 And Moggy take their fill, O;
 And pleas'd rehearse in jingling verse,
 The Lass of Richmond Hill, O,
 The Lass of Richmond Hill, O.
 A lass more bright, my am'rous flight,
 Impell'd by love's fond workings,
 Shall fondly sing, like any thing,
 'Tis charming Peggy Perkins.
 Peggy Perkins, &c.

Some men compare the fav'rite fair
 To every thing in nature;
 Her eyes divine, are suns that shine,
 And so on with each feature.
 Leave, leave, ye fools, these hackney'd rules,
 And all such subtile quirkings;
 Sun, moon, and stars, are all a farce,
 Compar'd to Peggy Perkins.
 Peggy Perkins, &c.

Each twanging dart that through my heart
 From Cupid's bow has morric'd,
 Were it a tree—why I should be
 For all the world a forest!

Five hundred fops, with shrugs and hops,
And leers, and smiles, and smirking,
Most willing she would leave for me—
Oh what a Peggy Perkins!
Peggy Perkins, &c.

A NACREON, they say, was a jolly old
blade,
A Grecian choice spirit, and poet by trade.
Anacreon, they say, was a jolly old blade,
A Grecian choice spirit, and poet by trade.
To Venus and Bacchus he turn'd up his lays;
For love and a bumper he sung all his days:
For love and a bumper he sung all his days.

He laugh'd as he quaff'd still the juice of the
vine,
And though he was human, was look'd on
divine,
At the feast of good humour he always was
there,
And his fancy and sonnets still banish'd dull
care.

Good wine, boys, says he, is the liquor of Jove,
'Tis our comfort below and their nectar above:
Then while round the table the bumper we
pass,
Let the toast be to Venus and each smiling
lass.

Apollo may torment his catgut or wire,
 Yet Bacchus and Beauty the theme must in-
 spire,
 Or else all his humming and strumming is vain,
 The true joys of heaven he'd never obtain.

To love and be lov'd how transporting the bliss
 While the heart-cheering glass gives a zest to
 each kiss ;
 With Bacchus and Venus we'll ever combine
 For drinking and kissing are pleasures divine.

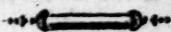
As sons of Anacreon then let us be gay,
 With drinking and love pass the moments away;
 With wine and with beauty let's fill up the
 span,
 For that's the best method, deny it who can.

EACH fluent bard, replete with wit,
 In equal numbers shines,
 And smoothly flows some fancied name
 To grace his polish'd lines :
 He calls the muses to his aid,
 In verse he tells his am'rous tale.
 Be thou my muse, thou much lov'd maid,
 The fairest flow'r of Hedsor dale,
 Of Hedsor dale, &c.

I feel

I feel the warm, the pleasing fire
 Within my bosom roll,
 And purest love and chaste desire
 Steal softly on my soul:
 In vain I would the flame conceal,
 And hide those cares my heart assail;
 My talk and looks and sighs prevail,
 I love the flow'r of Hedsor Dale!

What pity—that a nymph so fair,
 With winning shape and face,
 Should be devoted to some clown,
 Or rustic's rude embrace!
 That form demands a better fate;
 Sweet hope, perhaps, I can prevail;
 I'll try before it is too late,
 To cull the flow'r of Hedsor Dale.



WEEP, weep for poor Anna, ye fair,
 And while her sad fate ye deplore;
 By her fate learn of men to beware,
 And, Oh! if you've lov'd, love no more.

Yet once she was lovely and young;
 Oft the village she cheer'd with her strain;
 And each youth, if he smil'd as she sung,
 Was repaid with a smile back again.

Till a soldier, one evening in May,
 As he pass'd by the old cottage-door,
 Such soft things in a whisper did say,
 As Anna ne'er heard of before.

I

And,

And, Oh! since to-morrow I go,
 He sigh'd as he press'd her soft hand,
 One blessing, dear Anna, bestow,
 E're I fight in a far distant land.

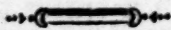
Say, loveliest maid, can thy heart
 Rest fix'd in its love till the day
 When thy Henry's return shall impart
 Such pleasures as never decay?

Oh! yes, dearest youth, she reply'd,
 While her breast was elated with bliss.
 As they parted, he look'd, and she sigh'd;
 And each seal'd their own vow with a kiss.

And now he had fought in that land,
 And had brav'd all the battle's alarms;
 When, Oh!—stay the wild murderer's hand,
 He had wedded a new lover's charms.

“Yet thou art not unwedded,” Death cry'd,
 As he bore her dead corse to his cave;
 Claim'd the virgin for ever as bride;
 And they feasted and danc'd in the grave,

Weep, weep for poor Anna, ye fair,
 And, while her sad fate you deplore,
 By her tale clear of men to beware,
 And, Oh! if you've lov'd, love no more.



O, STREW the sweet flow'r, and pluck
 the thorn,
 And cleanse the green turf, fair maid!
 So may some kind hand, the sod adorn,
 When thou in thy grave art laid.

And, O, fleeting form of her I've lost,
 My true love, O linger for me;
 Till I have deck'd our bridal bed,
 And then I will follow thee.

O, strew the sweet flow'r; for now the flow'r
 Of beauty is laid below;
 And pluck the foul weed, because no weed
 Did e'er in her bosom grow.
 And, O, fleeting form of her I've lost,
 My true love, O linger for me
 Till I have deck'd our bridal bed,
 And then I will follow thee!



TO the brook and the willow, that heard
 him complain,
 Poor Collen went a weeping, and told them
 his pain.
 Sweet stream, he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to
 flow,
 And the waters shall rise to the brink with my
 woe.

Willow, willow, &c.

Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one, be-
 lieve,
 Few sighs for thy loss and few tears will I give.
 One fate to thy Collen and thee shall betide,
 And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold
 side.

Willow, willow, &c.

WHY, fair maid, in ev'ry feature
Are such signs of fear express'd ?
Can a wand'ring wretched creature
With such terror fill thy breast ?
Do my phrenzied looks alarm thee ?
Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain :
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

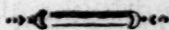
Dost thou weep to see my anguish ?
Mark me, and avoid my woe !
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false ; I found them so ;
For I lov'd, oh so sincerely !
None could ever love again ;
But the youth I lov'd so dearly
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart received him,
Which was doom'd to love but one.
He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him ;
He was false, and I undone.
From that hour has Reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain.
Henry fled—With him for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn, and broken hearted,
And with phrenzied thoughts beset,
On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met,

Still

Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
 Still I slowly pace the plain,
 Whilst each passer by, in pity,
 Cries, God help thee! Crazy Jane.



LECTUR'D by Pa and Ma, o'er night;
 Monday, at ten, quite vex'd and jealous;
 Resolv'd in future to be right,
 And never listen to the fellows.
 Stitch'd half a wristband; read the text;
 Receiv'd a note from Mistress Racket—
 I hate that woman! she sat next,
 All church time, to sweet Captain Clackit.

Tuesday got scolded, did not care;
 The toast was cold, 'twas past eleven:
 I dreamt the Captain through the air,
 On Cupid's wings, bore me to heaven.
 Pouted, and din'd; dress'd, look'd divine;
 Made an excuse, got Ma to back it;
 Went to the play. What joy was mine!
 Talk'd loud and laugh'd with Captain Clackit.

Wednesday came down, no lark so gay—
 The girl's quite alter'd! said my mother.
 Cry'd dad, I recollect the day
 When, deeree, thou wert such another.
 Danc'd, drew a landscape, skimm'd a play;
 In the paper read that Widow Flackit
 To Gretna Green had run away,
 The forward minx! with Captain Clackit.

Thursday fell sick. Poor soul, she'll die!
 Five Doctor's came with lengthen'd faces:
 Each felt my pulse: Ah me, cry'd I;
 Are these my promis'd loves and graces?
 Friday grew worse. Cry'd Ma, in pain,
 Our day was fair; heaven, do not black it.
 Where's your complaint, love?—In my brain.
 What shall I give you?—Captain Clackit.

Early next morn a nostrum came
 Worth all their cordials, balms, and spices;
 A letter; I had been to blame:
 The Captain's truth brought on a crisis:
 Sunday, for fear of more delays,
 Of a few cloaths I made a packet;
 And Monday morn stept in a chaise,
 And ran away with Captain Clackit.



WHY, Measter, damn tha, whoa beest
 thee?

Don't titter, Zur, but hire ma:
 I weddent a bin so plain and free,
 But thy discourse do tire ma.
 Great as thee beest, tha canst not doine,
 At faests in London zitty;
 Or zlobber zaace, or guzzle wine,
 'Till zitch as I parmitty.
 Then zee ma doant despoise a frind,
 Akiaze theeist little higher;
 The oak's best kept away from wind,
 That's shelter'd by the briar.

But

But when tha com'st to London town,
 And art lavishing thy shiners,
 Tell um zum zartie thee left's down
 'Mongst sturdy Cornish Miners.

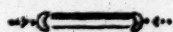
Now who be I, and who beest thee?
 The coal that's dug to warm tha;
 The tar, that shippen zends to zee,
 That foreign foe may'nt harm tha;
 The tin, that makes thy pots and pans,
 Thy culinders and kettles,
 Thy snuffers, candlesticks, and cans,
 And kivers for thy victuals;
 Who digs for't, dost thee think, but I?
 Don't grin, theest not become it!
 No varsal mite below the sky
 But, dammut's, good for summut.
 So when, &c.

If thee of sweethearts hast a score
 To pamper up thy fally,
 Why, I've a hundred, zur, and more,
 Ann aal in lovely Mally.
 But, faith and saule, I be so loath
 To treat thee naulens vaulens,
 Theedst know else, he that made us boath,
 Made happiness for all ons.
 Then haume, and tell 'em, faath and suare,
 All they that gold bewitches,
 That zum be richer thof, they'm poor,
 Than zum that rauls in riches.
 So when, &c.

DEAR image of the maid I love,
Whose charms you bring to view;
In absence some delight I feel,
By gazing still on you;
Debarr'd her sight, by tyrant power,
How wretched should I be,
But that I hear each lonely hour,
By gazing still on thee.

Oh! cou'd I call this fair one mine,
What rapture shou'd I feel;
Oh! cou'd I press that form divine,
Each hour my bliss wou'd seal:

But ah! deprived of all her charms,
My soul can find no rest:
And shou'd she bless another's arms,
Despair wou'd fill my breast.



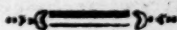
BEHOLD the man that is unlucky,
Not thro' neglect by fate worn poor;
Tho' gen'rous, kind when he was wealthy,
His friends to him are friends no more!
He finds in each the same like fellow,
By trying those he had relieved;
Tho' men shake hands, drink healths, get
mellow,
Yet men by men are thus deceiv'd.

Where can he find a fellow creature
To comfort him in his distress?
His old acquaintance proves a stranger,
That us'd his friendship to profess.

Altho'

Altho' a tear drop from his feeling,
His selfish heart cannot be mov'd;
Then what avails his goodly preaching,
Since gen'rous deeds cannot be prov'd.

But so it is in life among us,
And give mankind their justly due,
'Tis hard to find one truly gen'rous,
We all, at times, find this too true;
But if your friend be feels your sorrow,
His tender heart's glad to relieve;
And when he thinks on you to-morrow,
He's happy he had that to give.



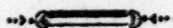
NO glory I court, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind heav'n to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
With sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In pleasure the great man's possession display,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part,
For e'vry fair object my eyes can survey,
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How, vainly, thro' infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.



AT the very best of houses, where the best
of people dine,
And the very best of eatables they cater,
Give the very best of spirits and decant the best
of wine,

I attend as a very merry waiter.
Then a table cloth can spread, neat decant my
white and red,

Manage matters to a charm, and with napkin
under arm,
Can a skinflint, or jolly fellow tell whether
they'll come down,

Gold, a tissey, or a crown, so treats 'em as
I find 'em ill or well.

And when noisy, roaring, drumming, tingling,
ringling, I cries coming, coming, coming,
coming, coming, coming, coming, com-
ing; going in, madam, coming up, sir,
damn the bells they're all ringing at once.

In

In their very merry meetings, why I always
likes to share,

Whole bottles, sometimes broke, why then
I snack it ;

In that I'm quite at home, so it travels you
know where,

Sally chambermaid and I slyly crack it.

She a little fortune's made, just by warming a bed,

So I think it not amiss, now and then to snatch
a kiss,

For you know I love Sally very well.

So hob nobbing as we chat, looking, loving,
and all that,

In our ears they're ever ringing such a peal :

Missus, maids, all bawling, drumming,

Tingling, jingling, I cries coming, &c.

John, devil some biscuits and take 'em up to
the Angel.—Tom, you take care of No. 21,
shall take care of No. 1 myself.

A snipe there once was order'd, such an ar-
ticle we'd not,

Yet to disappoint a customer unwilling ;

A plover was serv'd up, the gemman swore no
bill t'had got ;

Says I swallow it, I'll soon bring the bill in.

Thus I jokes, and gaily talk, while poor mas-
ter jokes with chalks,

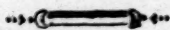
And jingling glasses drink, while I jingle in
the chink.

Cod ! he breaks, and I buy in, who can tell ;

Sally Missus then is made, up to every ser-
vant's trade,

We are certain sure your honour's to do well ;

Brisk and busy, no hum drumming,
 Tingling, jingling, I cries coming, &c.
 James take care of No. 4, and see that Sam
 Celler Man sends up priek'd bottles, they're
 a shabby set, and we may never see them
 again.—Mrs. Napkin, shew my Lord
 the Star and Garter, and Lawyer Lattitat to
 the Devil. He's going there himself, sir,
 he knows the way very well.



MY friends all declare that my time is
 mispent,

While in rural retirement I rove;
 I ask no more wealth than dame Fortune has
 sent,

But the sweet little girl that I love.

The rose on her cheeks may delight,

She's soft as the down on the dove;

No lilly was ever so white,

As the sweet little girl that I love.

Tho' humble my lot, calm content gilds the
 scene,

For my fair one delights in the grove:

And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green

With the sweet little girl that I love.

The rose on her cheeks, &c.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,

No fame but her praise wish to prove;

My happiness centers in Fanny alone,

She's the sweet little girl that I love,

The rose on her cheeks, &c.

TOM

TOM Tackle was noble, was true to his word;
If merit brought titles, Tom might be a lord:
How gaily his bark through life's ocean would
sail:

Truth finish'd the rigging—

When I took my departure for Dublin's
sweet city,
And for England's ownself through the seas I
did plough:

For three long days I ways tost up and down—

Peaceful slumbering on the ocean,
Seamen fear no dangers nigh:
The winds and waves in gentle motion
Sooths them with—

Oh, the bonny, bonny bells,
How I love to hear them sound;
Far and near—

The lads of the village, so merry ah!
Sound the tabor, I'll hand thee along;
And I say unto thee—

Curtis was old Hodge's wife,
For virtue, none was such:
She led so pure, so chaste a life,
Hodge said—

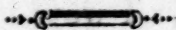
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew,
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death—

To Batchelors'-Hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chase that makes up our delight:
We have spirits like—

Jolly

Jolly Dick, the lamplighter,
They say the sun's my dad :
And truly I believe—

That all men are beggars, you plainly may
see,
For beggaas there are of ev'ry degree ;
Tho' none are so blest or so happy as we,
Which nobody can deny, which nobody can
deny.



INSPIR'D by so grateful a duty,
In terms strongest art can define ;
Bards have written those raptures on beauty,
That lovers have wasted on sighs :
I, to fill the sweet theme more completely,
Sing the beauty of goodness the while ;
For every face is dress'd sweetly,
Where beams a benevolent smile.

While the heart some beneficent action
Contemplates, with joy the eyes speak,
On the lip quivers mute satisfaction,
And a glow of delight paints the cheek ;
Bliss pervades every feature completely,
Adding beauty to beauty the while,
And the loveliest face looks more sweetly,
Where beams a benevolent smile.



WHO better knows the world than I,
A newsman is my calling,
And in all weathers, wet or dry,
Rare news I'm always bawling ;

And

And when the folks I want to buy,
My papers to enhance,
Here's dreadful news, I loudly cry,
But just arriv'd from France :
Thus when to queer the folks I chuse,
I blow my horn and cry rare news.

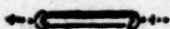
Search round the world, you'll find 'tis true,
The one half of mankind,
The plan of puffing do pursue,
The other half to blind :
Yon doctor, who so rich and gay,
Drives on thro' life so cheerly,
Puffs off his pills, and tells you they
Some thousand folks cure yearly ;
Thus when to queer the folks they chuse,
Each puffs his praise and cries rare news.

Your money-lenders advertise,
And puff their schemes so fair,
They tell us us'ry they despise,
Then trap the rich man's heir :
Others, to catch, the fair will puff,
Their soap for ladies faces,
Fine Turkish wash, or some rare stuff,
Which gives a thousand graces ;
Thus when to queer the folks they chuse,
They puff away and cry rare news.

Players and danciers, well 'tis known,
Gain half their fame by puffing,
With their own praise they cram the town,
Their pockets meantime stuffing ;

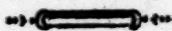
Thus

Thus each to trick his neighbour tries,
 The aim the golden stuff,
 To gain the which they spare no lies,
 But give ye puff for puff;
 But when to queer the folks I chuse,
 I blow my horn and cry rare news.



SHOU'D danger e'er approach our coast,
 The inbred spirit of the land
 Wou'd animate each heart, each hand!
 Wou'd bind us in one general host!
 England, a world within itself! shall reign
 Safe on our floating towers, her castles on
 the main.

Our isle's best rampart is the sea!
 The midnight march of foes it braves:
 And heav'n that fenc'd us round with waves,
 Ordain'd the people to be free!
 England, &c.



THO' neither in silks nor in satins I'm seen,
 My garb, if but homely, is wholesome
 and clean:
 An apron of blue, with a plain russet gown,
 And spotted silk handkerchief, are all my
 own;

For

For which with the fruits of my labour I pay,
And that is much more than my betters can say :
Still trudging at morn and at eve to and fro,
With—Milk, pretty maids ! any milk below !

Tell me not of bondage, 'tis all a mere joke,
I'm never more happy than under a yoke :
In which I as fairly can manage my pails,
As e'er Madam Justice could balance her
scales.

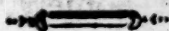
Go the things how they will, I've the proverb
in view,

In dealing with all gives the devil his due ;
And blithe as a lark, while I trudge to and fro,
Keep still crying—Milk ! any milk below !

The statesman, the doctor, the lawyer in silk,
The bishop in lawn, are but dealers in milk :
While one milks his patient, and drains him
of health,

Another his client can milk of his wealth ;
While one has the national dairy at call,
The church t'other milks—without preaching
at all,

Thro' life then I'll merrily trudge to and fro,
And still cry my milk,—Any milk below !



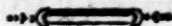
FROM place to place I travers'd along,
Devoid of care or sorrow ;
With lightsome heart, a merry song,
I thought not of to-morrow ;

But

But when Priscilla caught my eye,
With every charm array'd in,
I sigh'd and sung, I knew not why,
Dear little Cottage Maiden.

And wou'd the charmer be but mine,
Sweet nymph I so revere thee,
I'd gladly share my fate with thine,
And ever more be near thee :
Tho' gold may please the proud and great,
My heart with love is laden ;
Then let us join in wedlock's state,
Dear little Cottage Maiden.

O'er me and mine, come mistress prove,
And then what ill can harm us ?
Kind Hymen will each fear remove,
And spread each sweet to charm us :
Together we will live content,
And nought but love we'll trade in ;
So sweetly shall our lives be spent,
Dear little Cottage Maiden.



THERE's something in women their lovers
engage,
Of whatever complexion, or stature, or age ;
And she who would frighten a mere stander-by,
Is a Venus herself in the fond lover's eye.

If she's pale, never swan was a tenth part so
fair ;

If tawny, like jet are her eyes and her hair ;

If Xantippe herself, her scolding's thought wit ;

If meek, all good wives to their husbands submit.

If a pigmy how neat are her air and her mien :

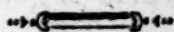
If a steeple, she's graceful, and walks like a
queen :

If a girl in her teens, all's handsome that's
young :

If eighty, fortune says—World hold your
tongue.

In short, to dear woman, 'tis given to please,
And tho' the whim often should take them to
tease.

To perplex, to torment, a thousand things more,
They're the deities men were all born to adore.



THE passing bell was heard to toll !

John wail'd his loss with bitter cries ;

The parson pray'd for Mary's soul,

The sexton hid her from all eyes.

And art thou gone,

Cry'd wretched John ;

O dear, 'twill kill me—I am dying !

Cry'd neighbour Sly,

While standing by,

“ Lord how this world is giv'n to lying ! ”

The

The throng retir'd ; John left alone,
He meditated 'mongst the tombs,
And spelt out, on the mould'ring stones,
What friends were gone to their long homes.

“ You're gone before,”

Cry'd John, “ No more !

“ I shall come soon—I'm almost dying !”

Cry'd neighbour Sly,

Still standing by,

“ Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying !”

Here lies the bones, Heaven's will be done!
Of farmer Slug ;—reader, would'st know
Who to his mem'ry rais'd this stone :—

'Twas his disconsolate widow !

Cry'd John, “ Oh, ho,

“ To her I'll go ;—

“ No doubt with grief the widow's dying !”

Cry'd neighbour Sly,

Still standing by,

“ Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying !”

Their mutual grief was short and sweet !

Scarcely the passing-bell had ceas'd

When they were sped ;—the funeral meat

Was warm'd up for the marriage feast !

They vow'd and swore,

Now o'er and o'er,

They ne'er would part till both were dying !

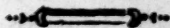
Cry'd neighbour Sly,

Still standing by,

“ Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying !”

Again

Again to hear the passing-bell,
John now a sort of hank'ring feels;
Again his help-mate brags how well
She can trip up a husband's heels,
Again to the tomb
Each longs to come,
Again with tears, and sobs, and sighing,
For neighbour Sly,
Again to cry—
“Lord, how the world is giv'n to lying!”



OF all the girls in our town,
There's none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.
There's ne'er a lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And in the streets doth cry them;
Her mother she sells laces long,
To all who choose to buy them;
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally.

She is the darling of my heart, &c.

When Sally's by I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely,
My master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely;
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it full to Sally,
She is the darling of my heart, &c.

OF

Of all the days there's in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes between
 A Saturday and Monday ;
 O then I'm drest all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart, &c.

My master carries me to church,
 And often I am blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch,
 As soon as text is named :
 I leave the church in sermon time,
 And slink sway with Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart, &c.

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And but for her, I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley ;
 But when my seven years are out,
 O then I'll marry Sally,
 O then I'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley.

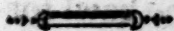


BE GONE, dull care, I prithee begone
 from me,
 Begone, dull care, you and I shall never agree,
 Long time thou hast been tarrying here,
 And fain thou would'st me kill,
 But faith, dull care,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too

Too much care will turn a young man grey,
Too much care will turn an old man to clay,
My wife shall dance and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day,
For I hold it one of the wisest things
To drive dull care away.

Care now begone, I prithee fly away,
The rose and the lilly you'll blight, full soon
they'll decay ;
Bring the flask and the cask,
Mirth and joy for me,
Care shall turn out of the room,
With me he can never agree.



THERE ne'er was a name so banded by
fame
Thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land,
As one that is wrote upon ev'ry bank-note ;
And you all must know Abraham Newland.
Oh, Abraham Newland ;
Notified Abraham Newland.
I've heard people say, sham Abraham you may,
But you must not sham Abraham Newland.

For fashion or arts, shou'd you seek foreign
parts,
It matters not wherever you land ;
Jew, Christian, or Greek, the same language
they speak ;
That's the language of Abraham Newland.
Oh,

Oh, Abraham Newland,
Wonderful Abraham Newland.

'Tho' with compliments cramm'd, you may die
and be d---'d,

If you hav'nt an Abraham Newland.

'The world is inclin'd to think Justice is blind;
Lawyers know very well she can view land:
But, Lord, what of that! she'll blink like a bat
At the sight of an Abraham Newland.

Oh, Abraham Newland,
Magical Abraham Newland.

'Tho' Justice, 'tis known, can see thro' a mill
stone,

She can't see thro' Abraham Newland.

Your patriots, who bawl for the good of us all,
Kind souls, here like mushrooms they strew
land;

'Tho' loud as a drum, each proved orator mum
If attack'd by stout Abraham Newland.

Oh! Abraham Newland,

Invincible Abraham Newland.

No arguments found in the world half so sound
As the logic of Abraham Newland.

The French say they're coming; but sure
they're humming;

I know what they want, if they do land.

We'll make their ears ring in defence of our
King,

Our Country, and Abraham Newland.

Oh! Abraham Newland,

Darling Abraham Newland.

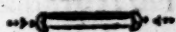
No tri-coloured elf—nor the devil himself;
Shall e'er rob us of Abraham Newland.

WHEN

WHEN first a babe upon the knee
 My mother us'd to sing me,
 I caught the accents from her tongue,
 And e'er I talk'd I lisp'd in song,
 I'm little Bess the ballad-singer.

In every village where I came,
 They call'd me by my infant name,
 And pensive as I rove along,
 This still's the burthen of my song,
 I'm little Bess, &c.

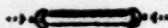
Thro' woods and village scenes I stray,
 With plaintive suit and artless lay,
 And every passenger I meet
 With lowly curtsey thus I greet,
 I'm little Bess, &c.



I SIGH for a maid, and a sweet pretty maid,
 And bonny Susanna's her name,
 Then we'll do, I know by my heart's panting so,
 The poor little thing's in a flame;
 For it throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats,
 beats,
 Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
 Oh! sure it's the case I'm in love with the
 face
 All under the gipsy hat.

That she's kind as she's fair, I freely declare,
 So none can my candour reprove,
 But then what I rue, and believe me it's true,
 Is—hang it—for being in love;
 For my heart throbs, throbs, and it beats,
 beats, beats,
 Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
 And, ah! I'm afraid, for the face of the maid
 All under the gipsy hat.

That I've said all my life I'd ne'er take a wife.
 And look'd on all plagues that the worst,
 I own, for my heart was then free from smart,
 But now, O, I think it will burst,
 For it throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats,
 beats,
 Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
 And, ah! I must tell, for the face of the girl
 All under the gipsy hat.



Auctioneer.

WHO bids more! a going
 —gone for fifty.

A very pretty article—come,
 who bids more?

Bidder Lady. Sixty.—*Auct.* Thank you, ma'-
 am, don't nod so very thrifty.

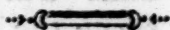
Drunkard. A hundred, damme!—*Auct.*
 Thank you, sir,—*Bidder.* I
 nodded that before.

Auctioneer.

- Auctioneer.* A going, going, gone, Put up
another lot, boy.
A Venus just turn'd 60, a pretty
infant Jove.
- Irishman.* Don't tread upon my toes.—2d
Bidder. Kick out that dirty
pot boy.
- Irishman.* The devil take your Venus.—
Another Bidder. Knock
down the queen of Love.
- Auctioneer.* Another lot. Come, bid your
gold—
- Three Bidders.* Five—ten—fifteen.—*Auct.*
Gone in a trice.
- Gentleman.* Yon British Admirals.—*Auct.*
They can't be sold.
- Sailor.* Britain's defenders are above all
price.
- Auctioneer.* A Sans Culotte Invader—ob-
serve the wretch's frown.
- Irishman.* Oh! don't you hurt my corns,
you taef, what joke are you
upon,
For him I'd give a rap.—2d
ditto. Zounds, knock the
fellow down.
- All.* Knock him down—knock him
down.
- Auctioneer.* A going, going, going, going,
going, gone.

WHILST happy in my native land,
 I boast my country's charter,
 I ne'er will basely lend a hand
 Their liberties to barter;
 The noble mind is not at all
 By poverty degraded,
 'Tis guilt alone that makes us fall,
 So well I am persuaded—
 Each true born Briton's song shall be,
 O give me death or liberty.

Tho' small the power that fortune grant,
 And few the gifts she sends us,
 The lordly hireling still shall want
 That freedom which defends us;
 By laws secur'd from lawless strife;
 Our house is our castellum,
 Thus blest with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell them?
 Each true born Briton's, &c.



O YES, O yes, O yes!
 Lost, or mislaid, or stolen, or strayed,
 the character, the decency, the duty
 of a youth,
 Who was fam'd, till this accident, for probity
 and truth,
 Who assuag'd his parents sorrow, alleviat'd
 all their cares,
 And who, with matchless honour, regulated
 their affairs,
 And who, with matchless, &c.

(Spoken.)

(*Spoken.*)—This young man was seen to come out of his father's banker's, he was beckoned by a lady in a hackney-coach, he drove to a jeweller's, where he bought her a fine diamond necklace, danced with a roaring party at a tavern, and in the evening was heard to talk very loud at the Opera; he was afterwards introduced to a house not a hundred miles from St. James's, where it is supposed he could get no supper, for he was seen about three o'clock in the morning to swallow dice and eat cards.

Who to his wretched parents, the misguided youth will bring,

Besides the satisfaction, of doing a good action,
he shall receive a sum, far more than
Indian mines can e'er afford,

He shall see the peace and comfort of a family
restor'd.

God save the King.

O yes, O yes, O yes!

Lost, or mislaid, or stolen, or strayed,
The tears of a widow, rich, wealthy, and fair,
Who nursed a rich old husband half a year with
tender care,

Who lov'd him not for his riches, convenience, or pelf,

All which is very true, for she told him so
herself.

All which is very, &c.

(*Spoken.*)—As this poor unfortunate young lady was seen about two hours after her husband's death to go to the Commons to prove his will, where it is supposed, that a glance from the eye of a handsome young proctor so dried and absorbed up the tears of the disconsolate young widow, that she has never been seen to cry once since, and then was detected with an onion in her pocket handkerchief.

Who to this wretched mourner, these same precious drops will bring,

Besides the satisfaction, of doing a good action,
Shall receive a gracious smile, which is all that
can be proffered,

As they will be cry'd no more, nor any greater
reward offered.

God save the King.

O yes, O yes, O yes!

Lost, or mislaid, or stolen, or strayed,
The knife and fork of an alderman—a coun-
sellor's wig,

The dice-box of a Grecian—a parson's tythe
pig—

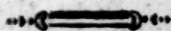
The fan of a lady—a false tooth also—and the
hair powder licence belonging to a beau,
And the hair powder licence, &c.

(*Spoken.*)—As these poor unfortunate sufferers are nearly ruined and deprived of their livelihood by the loss of these respective articles, they being their working tools, the charitable
and

and humane are hereby humbly requested
to take into consideration their forlorn con-
dition.

And who to these poor people, these same ar-
ticles will bring,
Besides the satisfaction, of doing a good action,
Many thanks they shall receive, from the cha-
ritable donors,
As they are very little use to any body but the
owners.

God save the King.



I WAS call'd knowing Joe by the boys of
our town,

Old dad taught me wisely to know folk ;
Cod ! I was so sharp, when they laughing came
down,

I ax't, how do'st do ? to the shew folk ;
I could chant a good stave, that I know'd very
well ;

No boy of my age could talk louder !
Crack a joke, tip the wink, or a droll story tell ;
Of my cleverness too, none were prouder ;
So, thinks I its better nor following the plough ;
To try with these youths to queer low folk ;
Their measter I met, so I made my best bow,
(Spoken.)—How do'st do, sir, says I,—I'se a
mighty notion of turning actor man—I be
main lissom—and wrestles boxes very pretty.
—dances a good jig,—and can play the very
devil !

Axt's a pleave, so joined with the shew folk.

This pleace that I got, I detarmin'd to keep,
 But, odzookers! they all were so drollish!
 Kings, coblers, and taylors! a prince or a
 sweep!

And stared so at I—I looked foolish!
 Their daggers and swords, cod! they handled
 so cute,

And their leadies were all so bewitching!
 When I thought to be droll, I was almost struck
 mute,

As the bacon rack that hangs in our kitchen;
 They ax'd me to say, how, the coach was at door,
 When were seated above and below folk!
 Feggs! I was so shamefac'd, I floopp'd on the
 floor!

(Spoken.)—A kind of a sort of giddiness seiz'd
 me all over! the candles danc'd the hays!
 'twere as dimmish as a Scotch mist! I drop-
 ped down dead as a shot!

And swoounded away 'mong the shew folk!

They laugh'd so, and jeer'd me, as never were
 seen!

All manner of fancies were playing:
 One night I was sent for to wait on a Queen,
 (Spoken.)—I believe it were Queen Hamblet
 of Dunkirk.

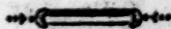
(Not thinking the plan they were laying,)
 My leady she died on a chair, next her spouse,
 While with pins me behind they were prick-
 ing!

All at once I screamed out! lent her grace such
 a douse,

That alive she was soon, aye, and kicking!
 The

The people all laugh'd at, and hooted poor I,
 And the comical dogs did me so joke!
 That I made but one step, without bidding
 good bye,

(Spoken.)—From their steage, Cod! I never
 so much as once look'd behind me,—tumbled
 over a barrel of thunder—knock'd down a
 hail storm—roll'd over the sea—and darted
 like lightning through the infernal region;
 And so took my leave of the shew folk.

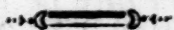


IT was far retir'd from noise and smoke,
 O hark! I hear the woodman's stroke,
 Who dreams not as he fells the oak,
 What mischief dire he brews;
 Or what may shape the falling trees,
 He knows no luxury nor ease,
 Nor weighs not matters such as these,
 But sings, and hacks, and hews.

The tree now fell'd by this good man,
 Perhaps may form the spruce sedan,
 Or wheelbarrow, where Oyster Nan
 So vulgar runs her rigs;
 The stage, where boxers croud in flocks,
 Or else the quacks, perhaps the stocks,
 Or poles for signs of barber's blocks,
 Where smiles the parson's wig.

This bold peasant, O what grief,
 The gibbet, or where hangs the thief,
 The seat where sits the great Lord chief,
 The throne, the cobbler's stall ;
 'Tis pompous life in every stage,
 Makes folly's whim prize equipage,
 And children's toys and crutches for age,
 And coffins for us all.

Yet justice let us still afford,
 Those chairs and this convivial board,
 The binn that holds gay Bacchus's hoard,
 Confess the woodman's stroke ;
 He made the press that bled the vine,
 The butt that holds the generous wine,
 The hall itself where tipplers join,
 To crack their mirthful joke.



I'VE travel'd afar from my dear native home,
 And seen lovely women past telling ;
 In one place or t'other, as fancy may roam,
 I've wandered and took up my dwelling ;
 Dear women I prize wherever they be,
 Tho' jesters and coxcombs may rally ;
 But she that most charms and is pleasing to me,
 Is Sally, my sweet pretty Sally,
 The maid of the green pretty Sally.

When often beset by this beauty and that,
 My tongue in their praise never faulter'd ;
 With each one I chatter'd, and humour'd their
 chat,
 Yet still my fond heart never alter'd ;

No

No, no, for in whatever climate or place,
 I chanc'd when a lover to dally,
 I saw in my fancy the beautiful face
 Of Sally, my sweet pretty Sally,
 The maid of the green, pretty Sally.

And ever shall be the pride of my song,
 Whose constancy nothing cou'd sever;
 For tho' far away from my charmer so long,
 Her love was as faithful as ever;
 Then come to my bosom thou maiden divine,
 A passion so true who can rally,
 For thee I will splendor and riches resign,
 For Sally, my sweet pretty Sally,
 The maid of the green, pretty Sally.



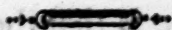
JOHN BULL for pastime took a prance,
 Some time ago to peep at France,
 To talk of sciences and arts,
 And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts;
 Monsieur obsequious, heard him speak,
 And answered him in Heathen Greek,
 To all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw,
 'Twas Monsieur je vous nen tends pas.

John to the Palace Royal come,
 Its splendor almost struck him dumb,
 I say, whose house is that there here?
 Hesse! je vous nen tends pas monsieur.
 What! Nong tong paw, again, cries John,
 This fellow is some mighty Don,
 No doubt has plenty for the maw,
 I'll breakfast with this Non tong paw.

John saw Versailles from Marks's height,
 And cry'd, astonish'd at the sight,
 Whose fine estate is that there here?
 Stat je vous nen tends pas, monsieur,
 His! what the land and houses too?
 This fellow's richer than a Jew,
 On every thing he lays his claw,
 I should like to dine with Nong tong paw.

Next tripping came a courtly fair,
 John cry'd, enchanted with her air,
 What lovely wench is that there here!
 Ventch! je vous nen tends pas, monsieur.
 What, he again! upon my life,
 A palace, lands, and then a wife,
 Sir Joshua might delight to draw,
 I should like to sup with Nong tong paw.

But hold, whose funeral's that? cry'd John,
 Je vous nen tends pas; what, is he gone!
 Wealth, fame, and beauty, could not save
 Poor Nong tong paw, then, from the grave;
 His race is run, his game is up,
 I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup,
 But since he chuses to withdraw,
 Good night t'ye, Monsieur Non tong paw.



WHO has e'er been in London, that over-
 grown place,
 Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in
 the face:

Some

Some are good, and let dearly ; while some,
'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.
Derry down.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious,
and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen,
only ;
But Will was so fat he appear'd like a tun ;—
Or like two Single Gentlemen roll'd into one,
He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated ;
But, all the night long, he felt fever'd and
heated :
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat
sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same ;—and the next ;—
and the next ;
He perspir'd like an ox ; he was nervous, and
vex'd ;
Week passed after week ; till, by weekly suc-
cession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to
doubt him ;
For his skin, “ like a lady's loose gown,” hung
about him ;

He

He sent for a doctor ; and cry'd, like a ninny,
“ I have lost many pounds—make me well—
there's a guinea.”

The doctor look'd wise :—“ a slow fever,” he
said ;

Prescribed sudorificks—and going to bed.

“ Sudorificks in bed,” exclaimed Will, “ are
humbugs ;

“ I've enough of them there, without paying
for drugs.”

Will kick'd out the doctor—but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always suc-
ceed ;

So calling his host,—he said—“ Sir, do you
know,

“ I'm the fat Single Gentleman, six months
ago ?

“ Looke's landlord, I think,” argued Will
with a grin,

“ That with honest intentions you first took
me in ;

“ But from the first night—and to say it I'm
bold—

“ I have been so damn'd hot that I'm sure I
caught cold.”

Quoth the landlord—“ till now, I ne'er had a
dispute ;

“ I've let lodgings ten years ;—I'm a baker to
boot ;

“ **LE**

"In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven,

"And your bed is immediately over my Oven."

"The Oven!!!" says Will—says the host,
"Why this passion?"

"In that excellent bed died three people of fashion,

"Why so crusty, good Sir?" "Zounds!"—cries Will in a taking,

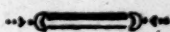
"Who wouldn't be crusty, with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms; cried the host, with a sneer,

"Well, I see you've been going away half a year;"

"Friend we can't well agree—yet no quarrel"—Will said;

"For one may die where another makes bread."



LIKE a lark in the morning with early song,
Comes the sweep with his sweep soot ho;
Next the cherry cheek damsel comes tripping
along,

Do you want any milk, maids, below;
Dust ho dust, goes the tinkling bell,

While sharp in each corner they look;
Next the Jew with his bag and his cloashs to
sell,

Cloashs to sell—any old cloashs.

(Speaks,

(*Speaks.*)—Hip halloa Moashes, says a wag,
have you got any pork to-day ! go along you
blackgar, says he, any shoes, hats, and old
cloashs—any bat shillings.

Let none despise the merry merry cries,
Of famous London town.

Any pen-knives, or razors, or scizors to grind,
Any work for the Cooper to-day ;
Buy a bow-pot, sir, it will please your mind,
Oh ! d—it stand out of the way ;
Muffins ho, crumpets ho, next ring in the ear,
Any brick-dust, come neddy stand, woah ;
Any lobsters, or Newcastle salmon my dear,
Salmon my dear, salmon my dear ;
D'ye want any lilly white sand ho.

Thus the various cries they in harmony blend,
Come here is your nice curds and whey ;
Here's the last dying speech, old chairs to
mend,

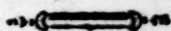
Choice fruit or a bill of the play !
Here's three for a shilling fine mackarel ho,
Any phials or broken flint glass,
Come break me or make me before I go,
Before I go, before I go,
Come here is my fine sparrow-grass.

Here's your fine long garters two-pence a pair,
Buy a mop, a rat trap, or hair broom ;
Any saucepans, kettles, or pots to repair,
Great news just arriv'd from Rome,

Round

Round and sound two-pence a pound, nice
cherries,

New potatoes, or fine spring sallad,
They're ten-pence a gallon gooseberries,
Gooseberries, gooseberries,
Who buys a new love ballad.



YOU ask how it comes that I sing about
Nancy

For ever, yet finding something new;
As well may you ask why delight fills the fancy
When land first appears to the crew.
When safe from the toils of the perilous ocean,
In each heart thanks of gratitude spring,
Feel this, and you'll have of my joy a faint
notion,
When with rapture of Nancy I sing.

You and I nature's beauties have seen the world
over,

Yet never knew which to prefer;
Then why should you wonder that I am no
rover,

Since I see all those beauties in her?
Why, you'll find about ships all you've known
and been hearing,

On their different bearings to bring.
Though they all make their ports, they all vary
in steering;

So do I when of Nancy I sing.

Could

Could a ship round the world, wind and weather permitting,

A thousand times go and come back,
The ocean's so spacious 'twould never be hitting,

For leagues upon leagues, the same track.
So her charms are so numerous, so various, so clever,

They produce in my mind such a string,
That, my tongue once let loose, I could sing
on for ever,

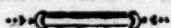
And vary the oft'ner I sing.

Shall I tell you the secret? You've but to love truly,

Own a heart in the right place that's hung,
And, just as the prow to the helm answers
duly,

That heart will lend words to the tongue.
No art do I boast of, no skill I inherit;

Then do not of my praises ring;
But to love and to nature allow all the merit,
That taught me of Nancy to sing.



COME boys and girls, men and maids;
widows and wives;

The best penny laid out, you ever spent in your
lives;

Here's my whirl-a-gig lottery, a penny a spell,
No blanks, but all prizes, and that's pretty
well.

Don't

Don't stand humming and haging with *ifs* and
with *buts*,

Try your luck for my round and sound gin-
gerbread nuts;

And there's my glorious spice gingerbread too,
Hot enough e'en to thaw the heart of a Jew,

Hot spice gingerbread! hot!

Come buy my spice gingerbread, smoking hot.

I'm a gingerbread merchant, but what of that
then,

All the world, take my word, deal in ginger-
bread ware;

Your fine beaus and your belles, and your rattle
pate rakes,

One half are game nuts; the rest gingerbread
cakes;

Then in gingerbread coaches, we've ginger-
bread lords,

And gingerbread soldiers, with gingerbread
swords;

And what are your patriots? 'tis easy to tell,
By their constantly crying they've something to
sell,

And what harm is there in selling?—hem!

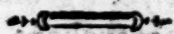
Hot spice gingerbread, &c.

My gingerbread lottery is just like the world,
For its index of chances, for ever is twirl'd;
But some difference between 'em exist, with-
out doubt,

The world's lottery has blanks, while mine's
wholly without.

There's

There's no matter how often you shuffle and
 cut,
 It an't once in ten games you can get a game
 nut ;
 So I laugh at the world, like an impudent elf,
 And, just like my betters, take care of myself.
 Hot spice gingerbread, &c.



VATSH te matter, goot folks,
 Dat you pass your jokes,
 On dish new fashion goots what I cry?
 Dant you know very well,
 Dat a Jew ought to shell,
 Vatever a Christian will buy :
 If itsh a long tail'd pig,
 Or a short tail'd pig—
 Or a pig without never a tail,
 A Jew pig,
 Or a true pig—
 Or a pig wid a curling tail.

Tho' I cry no more,
 Vat I sold you before,
 Yet, py Cot, is comisal too,
 You may come for a cake,
 Widout any mistake,
 For dere's always a cake mid a Jew.
 Buy my long tail'd pig, &c.

Our

Our peoples may stare,
When dey hear dish affair,
Lack a daisey, 'tis noding at all ;
De mistaks vat you meet
Every day in the street,
If far vorse den for smouches to call,
A long tail'd pig, &c.

You may see a young man,
As tin as my hand,
Wid his head in a counsellor's wig ;
And a clumsy old chap,
In a light horseman's cap ;
A citizen, fat as a pig,
A long tail'd pig, &c.

Old hunky for life,
Pig in vid a wife,
And noding but words prevail :
Den the bisnesh you know
To de proctor dey go,
And dere by hangs a tale ;
Of a long tail'd pig, &c.

Here ladies of rank,
At a faro bank,
Dere's a barber's boy in a gig,
Dere's my Lord and his Grace,
Vaiting in Duke' Place,
And here is a Jew selling pig.
A long tail'd pig, &c.

MY daddy was a tinker's son,
 And I'm his boy, 'tis ten to one,
 Here's pots to mend! was still his cry,
 Here's pots to mend! aloud bawl I.
 Have ye tin pots, kettles, or cans,
 Coppers to solder, or brass pans.
 Of wives my dad had near a score,
 And I have twice as many more:
 And what's as wonderful as true,
 My daddy was the lord (upon my soul he
 was), the Lord knows who?
 Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
 For pot or can, oh! I'm your man.

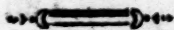
Once I in budget snug had got
 A barn-door capon and what not.
 Here's pots to mend! I cried along,
 Here's pots to mend! was still my song.
 At village wake—oh! curse his throat,
 The cock crow'd out so loud a note.
 The folk in clusters flock'd around,
 They seiz'd my budget, in it found
 The cock, a gammon, pease and beans,
 Besides a jolly tinker (yes by the Lord) a tin-
 ker's ways and means.

Tan ran tan, &c.

Like dad, when I to quarters come,
 For want of cash; the folks I hum.
 Here's kettles to mend: bring me some beer
 The landlord cries, "you'll get none here!"

You

But when a traveller I meet alone,
 "Stand and deliver, or I'll knock you down"
 All day for a wandering mumper I pass,
 All night—oh! a barn, and buxom lass.
 I'm cloath'd in rags, &c.



I AM a friar of orders grey,
 And down the vallies I take my way;
 I pull not blackberry, haw or hip,
 Good store of venison does fill my scrip,
 My long bead roll I merrily chaunt,
 Where'er I walk no money I want;
 And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell—
 Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
 What baron or 'squire,
 Or knight of the shire,
 Lives half so well as a holy friar.

After supper of heaven I dream,
 But that is fat pullen and clouted cream.
 Myself, by denial, I mortify—
 With a dainty bit of a warden pie:
 I'm cloath'd in sackcloth, for my sin;
 With old sack wine I'm lin'd within:
 A chirping cup is my matin song,
 And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding dong.
 What baron or 'squire,
 Or knight of the shire,
 Lives half so well as a holy friar.

LIKE Ætna's dread volcano see the ample
forge,
Large heaps upon large heaps of jetty fuel
gorge,
While, Salamander like, the pond'rous anchor
lies,
Glutted with vivid fire thro' all its pores that
flies.
The dingy anchorsmiths, to renovate their
strength,
Stretch'd out in death-like sleep, are snoring
at their length,
Waiting the master's signal, when the tackle's
force
Shall, like split rocks, the anchor from the fire
divorce ;
While as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil
bang,
In deaf'ning concert shall their pond'rous ham-
mers clang ;
And into symmetry the mass incongruous beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the
gallant British fleet.

Now as more vivid and intense each splinter
flies,
The temper of the fire the skilful master tries ;
And, as the dingy hue assumes a brilliant red,
The heated anchor feeds that fire on which it
fed.

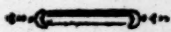
L

The

The huge sledge hammers round in order they
 arrange,
And waking anchorsmiths await the looked-for
 change,
Longing with all their force the ardent mass to
 smite,
When issuing from the fire array'd in dazzling
 white;
And as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil
 bang,
To make in concert rude their pond'rous ham-
 mers clang,
As the mishapen lump to symmetry they beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the
 gallant British fleet.

The preparations thicken; with forks the fire
 they goad;
And now twelve anchorsmiths the heaving bel-
 lows load;
While, arm'd from every danger, and, in grim
 array,
Anxious as howling demons waiting for their
 prey.
The forge the anchor yields from out its fiery
 maw,
Which, on the anvil prone, the cavern shouts
 hurraw!
And now the scorch'd beholders want the
 power to gaze,
Faint with its heat, and dazzled with its power-
 ful rays;

While as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil
bang,
To forge Jove's thunderbolts, their pond'rous
hammers clang;
And, till its fire's extinct, the monstrous mass
they beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gal-
lant British fleet.



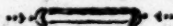
MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll en-
twine,
And barter all joys for a goblet of wine,
And barter all joys for a goblet of wine.
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun;
No longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a
glass,
If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

'Tis woman, whose charms ev'ry rapture im-
part,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the
heart;
The miser himself, so supreme is her sway,
Grows a convert to love, and resigns her his
key.

At the sound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up her head,
 And Poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed;
 While age, in an ecstasy, hobb'ling along,
 Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
 The largest and deepest that stands on his board;
 I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;
 'Tis the thirst of a lover—and pledge me who dare!



THERE was an old man; and though 'tis not common,
 Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman;
 And though 'tis incredible, yet I've been told,
 He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry, he long'd for some meat;
 And if he could get it, 'twas said he would eat;
 When thirsty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
 And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom or ever could see without light,
 And yet I've been told he could hear in the night;

He

He has oft been awake in the day-time, 'tis
said,
And has fall'n fast asleep as he lay in his bed.
'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when
he talk'd,
And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when
he walk'd;
And his gait was so odd, had you seen him
you'd burst,
For one leg or t'other would always be first.

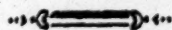
His face was the oddest that ever was seen;
For if 'twere not wash'd, it was seldom quite
clean.
He shew'd his teeth most when he happen'd to
grin,
And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and
his chin.

Among other strange things that befell this
good yeoman,
He was married, poor soul, and his wife was
a woman;
And unless by that liar, Miss Fame, we're
beguil'd,
We may roundly affirm he was never with
child.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks said, he was not very well;

But what is more strange, in so weak a condition,
 As he could not give fees, he could get no physician.

What pity he dy'd! yet 'tis said that his death
 Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath.
 But peace to his bones, which in ashes now
 moulder;
 Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd have been a
 day older.



YOU may do as you will, but I'll fling away
 care :
 I'll sport with the swains, and I'll toy with the
 fair;
 For joys yet unknown I may find springing
 there,
 For joys yet unknown I may find springing
 there :
 And 'tis better by half
 Love and nectar to quaff:
 All the days of my life thus I'll frolic and
 laugh,
 All the days of my life thus I'll frolic and
 laugh.

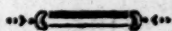
Till lately there liv'd not so wretched an elf :
 I tended my flocks, and sought nothing but pelf;
 Car'd little for others, but much for myself:
 But 'tis better by half, &c.

But

But wishes for more are all foolish and vain,
 And thought for to-morrow brings nothing but
 pain :
 Enjoying to-day I shall find the best gain :
 For 'tis better by half, &c.

Come over to me, all ye gay blooming throng,
 And take it, the way to be blest the year long,
 Is to welcome sweet love, wine, and soul-
 cheering song :
 And 'tis better by half, &c.

Then care, with his wrinkles, I give to the
 wind ;
 To mirth from this moment my heart is in-
 clin'd ;
 I'm sure of my bliss, for the nymphs will be
 kind ;
 More happy by half,
 Love and nectar to quaff ;
 All the days of my life thus I'll frolic and laugh.



THE women all tell me I'm false to my
 lass ;
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my
 glass :
 But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll
 own ;
 And if you don't lik them, why let them alone.

Although I have left her, the truth I'll declare;
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was
fair:

But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own;
But though she could smile, yet in truth she
could frown:

But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime;
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time;
But, in wine from its age, such benefit flows,
That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me my love would in time have been
cloy'd,

And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis en-
joy'd;

But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love:
But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival con-
tends;

For the more we love liquor, the more we are
friends.

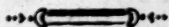
She

She too might have poison'd the joys of my life,
With nurses, and babies, and squalling, and
 strife ;
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can
 bring,
And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we en-
 gage ;
It brings on diseases, and hastens old age :
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
And keep out t'other leg when there's one in
 the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
She had left me—to get an estate or a lord ;
But my bumper, regarding nor titles nor pelf,
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain :
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain ;
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I
 spy.—
Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper
 and try,

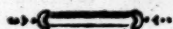


DEAR Tom, this brown jug, which now
 foams with mild ale,
In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the
 Vale,

Was once 'Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.
In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excel,
And amongst jolly toppers he bore off the bell.
He bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days, he sat at his ease,
In a flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his
clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he dy'd full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown
jug,
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild
ale ;
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.



DIOGENES, surly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there is truth;
 But growing as poor as a Job,
 And unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus

Heraclitus would never deny
A bumper to cherish his heart;
And, when he was maudlin, would cry,
Because he had empty'd his quart:
Though some were so foolish to think
He wept at men's folly and vice,
'Twas only his custom to drink
Till the liquor ran out at his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cherish his soul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a jolly full bowl.
While his cellar with wine was well stor'd,
His liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And, when he was drunk as a lord,
At those that were sober he'd laugh.

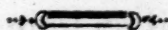
Copernicus too, like the rest,
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine;
And knew that a cup of the best
Made reason the brighter to shine:
With wine he replenished his veins,
And made his philosophy reel;
Then fancy'd the world, as his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine;
For what we ascribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine:

His belly, some authors agree,
 Was as big as a watering trough;
 He therefore leap'd into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrho had taken a glass,
 He saw that no object appeared
 Exactly the same as it was
 Before he had liquor'd his beard;
 For things running round in his drink,
 Which sober he motionless found,
 Occasion'd the sceptic to think
 There was nothing of truth to be found.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
 Who wisely to virtue was prone;
 But, had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known.
 By wine we are generous made;
 It furnishes fancy with wings;
 Without it, we ne'er should have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.



WHAT Cato advises, most certainly wise is,
 Not always to labour, but sometimes to
 play,
 To mingle sweet pleasure with search after
 treasure,
 Indulging at night for the toils of the day.

And

And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser,
His bags will decrease while his health does
decay :

Our souls we enlighten, our fancies we
brighten,
And pass the long evening in pleasures away.

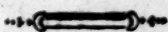
All cheerful and hearty, we set aside party;
With some tender fair each bright bumper is
crown'd;

Thus Bacchus invites us, and Venus de-
lights us,

While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd.
See here's our physician, we know no ambi-
tion,

But where there's good wine and good com-
pany found;

Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,
'Tis sunshine and summer with us the year
round.



NOW we're free from college rules,
From common-place-book reason,
From trifling syllogistic schools,
And systems out of season.
Never more we'll have defin'd
If matter thinks or thinks not:
All the matter we shall mind,
Is he who drinks or drinks not.

Metaphysically

Metaphysically to trace
 The mind or soul abstracted,
 Or prove infinity of space,
 By cause on cause effected :
 Better souls we can't become,
 By immaterial thinking ;
 And, as to space, we want no room,
 But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,
 Are learned words and rare too ;
 Those terms our tutors may discuss,
 And those who please may hear too :
 A *plenum* in our wine we shew,
 With *plus* and *plus* behind, sir ;
 But, when our cash is *minus*, low,
 A *vacuum* soon we find, sir.

Copernicus, that learned sage,
 Dan Tycho's error proving,
 Declares, in I can't tell what page,
 The earth round Sol is moving :
 But which goes round, what's that to us ?
 Each is perhaps a notion ;
 With earth and sun we make no fuss,
 But mind the bottle's motion.

Great Galileo ill was us'd
 By superstitious fury ;
 Antipodeans were abus'd
 By ignoramus jury :

But

But feet to feet we dare attest,
 Nor fear a treatment scurvy;
 For when we're drunk. *probatum est*,
 We're tumbling topsy-tury.

Newton talk'd of lights and shades,
 And diff'rent colours knew, sir,
 But don't let us disturb our heads
 With any more than two, sir:
 White and red our glasses boast,
 Reflection and refraction;
 Yet after him we'll name our toast,
 The centre of attraction.

On that thesis we'll declaim,
 With *stratum super stratum*;
 There's mighty magic in the name,
 'Tis nature's *postulatum*;
 Wine in nature's next to love,
 Then wisely let us blend 'em;
 First, though, physically prove,
 That *nunc tempus est bibendum*.



ATTEND all, I pray, to the words I've
 to say,
 In tablet of mem'ry insert 'em.
 Rich wines do us raise to the honour of bays:
Quam non fecere disertum?
 Tol de rol de rol lol lol lol lol.

Of

Of all the brisk juice the gods can produce,
 Good claret preferr'd is before 'em;
 'Tis claret shall strait happy mortals create,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

We abandon all ale, and beer that is stale,
Rosa solis, and damnable *hum*;
 But sparkling bright red shall raise up its head
Above omne quod exit in um.

This, this is the wine, which, in former time,
 Each wise-one of men they call'd Magi
 Was wont to carouse in a chaplet of boughs,
Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Let the hop be their bane, let the rope be their
 shame,
 Let the gout and the cholic still pine 'em,
 That offer to shrink, in taking their drink,
Seu Græcum sive Latinum.

Let the glass fly about till the bottle is out,
 Let each do to each as he's done to;
 Avaunt those that hug th' abominable jug!
 Amongst us *heteroclita sunt*.

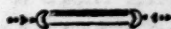
There's no such disease as he that doth please
 His palate with beer, for to shame us:
 'Tis claret that brings Madam Fancy her
 wings,
 And says—*Musa, majora canamus.*

He's

He's either a mute, or does poorly dispute,
 That drinketh not wine as we men do:
 The more wine a man drinks, the more like
 subtle sphinx,
Tantum valet iste loquendo.

Art thou weak, art thou lame, dost thou sigh
 after fame?
 Call for wine, and thou quickly shall have it:
 It will make the lame rise, it will make the
 fool wise,
Cui vim Natura negavit.

The more wine in my brain, the more merry
 my vein;
 And this to me wisdom and bliss is:
 For him that's too wise I can justly despise;
Mecum confertur Ulysses.



HAIL, Burgundy, thou juice divine,
 Inspirer of my song!
 The praises giv'n to other wine
 To thee alone belong,
 Of poignant wit and rosy charms
 Thou can'st the power improve;
 Care of its sting thy balm disarms,
 Thou noblest gift of Jove!

Bright Phœbus, on the parent-vines
 From whence thy current streams,
 Sweet-smiling, through the tendril shines,
 And lavish darts his beams.

The

The pregnant grape receives his fires,
 And all his force retains ;
 With that same warmth our brain inspires,
 And animates our strains.

With that, &c.

From thee, my Chloe's radiant eye
 New sparkling beams receives ;
 Her cheeks imbibe a rosier dye ;
 Her beauteous bosom heaves.
 Summon'd to love by thy alarms,
 Oh ! with what nervous heat !
 Worthy the fair, we fill their arms,
 And oft our bliss repeat.

Worthy the fair, &c.

The stoic, prone to thought intense,
 Thy softness can unbend ;
 A cheerful gaiety dispense,
 And make him taste a friend.
 His brow grows clear, he feels content,
 Forgets his pensive strife ;
 And then concludes his time well spent
 In honest social life.

And then, &c.

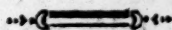
E'en beaux, those soft amphibious things,
 Wrapt up in self and dress,
 Quite lost to the delight that springs
 From sense, thy pow'r confess.
 The fop, with chitty maudlin face,
 That dares but deeply drink,
 Forgets his cue and stiff grimace,
 Grows free, and seems to think.

Forgets his cue, &c.

RAIL

RAIL no more, ye learned asses,
'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies;
Sound its depth, and fill your glasses;
Wisdom at the bottom lies.
Fill them higher still and higher,
Shallow draughts perplex the brain;
Sipping quenches all our fire,
Bumpers light it up again.
Sipping quenches, &c.

Draw the scene for Wit and Pleasure;
Enter Jollity and Joy;
We for thinking have no leisure,
Manly mirth is our employ.
Since in life there's nothing certain,
We'll the present hour engage;
And, when Death shall drop the curtain,
With applause we'll quit the stage.
And, when Death, &c.

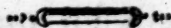


WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
Joy exhilarates my soul;
To the Nine I raise my song,
Ever fair and ever young.
When full cups my cares expel,
Sober counsel then farewell
Let the winds that murmur, sweep
All my sorrows to the deep.
Let the winds, &c.

When

When I drink dull time away,
 Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
 Leads me to delightful bow'rs,
 Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs.
 When I quaff the sparkling wine,
 And my locks with roses twine,
 Then I praise life's rural scene,
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I drink the bowl profound,
 (Richest fragrance flowing round),
 And some lovely nymph detain,
 Venus then inspires the strain.
 When, from goblets deep and wide,
 I exhaust the gen'rous tide,
 All my soul unbends—I play
 Gamesome with the young and gay.



BY the gaily-circling glass,
 We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waning night grows old.
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport away.
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you!

By the silence of the owl,
 By the chirping on the thorn,
 By the butts that empty roll,
 We foretell th' approach of morn.

Fill

Fill then, fill the vacant glass,
Let no precious moment slip :—
Flout the moralizing ass ;
Joys find entrance at the lip.

YE lads of true spirit, pay courtship to claret
Releas'd from the trouble of thinking :
A fool long ago said we could nothing know ;
The fellow knew nothing of drinking.
To pore over plato, or Practise with Cato,
Dispassionate dunces might make us :
But men, now more wise, self-denial despise,
And live by the lessons of Bacchus.

Big-wig'd, in fine coach, see the doctor approach ;
He solemnly up the stairs paces ;
Looks grave—smells his cane—applies finger
to vein,
And counts the repeats with grimaces.
As he holds pen in hand, life and death are at
stand—
A toss-up which party shall take us.
Away with such cant—no prescriptions we
want,
But the nourishing nostrum of Bacchus.

We jollily join in the practice of wine,
While misers 'midst plenty are pining ;
While ladies are scorning, and lovers are
mourning.
We laugh at wealth, wenching, and whining.
Drink,

Drink, drink, now 'tis prime; toss a bottle to
Time,

He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us:
His threats we prevent, and his cracks we cement,

By the styptical balsam of Bacchus.

What works is there made by the newspaper
trade,

Of this man's and t'other man's station!
The inns are all bad, and the outs are all mad;
In and out is the cry of the nation.

The politic patter which both parties chatter
From bumpering freely shan't shake us:
With half pints in hand, independent we'll
stand

To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

Be your motions well tim'd; be all charg'd and
all prim'd:

Have a care—right and left—and make
ready.

Right hand to glass join—at your lips rest your
wine—

Be all in your exercise steady.

Our levels we boast, when our women we
toas;

May graciously they undertake us!
No more we desire—so drink and give fire,
A volley to Beauty and Bacchus!

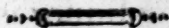
FILL

FILL your glasses, banish grief,
Laugh, and wordly care despise;
Sorrow ne'er will bring relief;

Joy from drinking will arise.
Why should we, with wrinkled care,
Change what nature made so fair?
Drink and set the heart at rest;
Of a bad market make the best.

Busy brains we know alas!
With imaginations run;
Like the sand i' th' hour-glass,
Turn'd and turn'd, and still run on,
Never knowing where to stay,
But uneasy every way.
Drink, and set the heart at rest;
Peace of mind is always best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some to honours high aspire:
Give me freedom, give me health;
There's the sum of my desire.
What the world can more present,
Will not add to my content.
Drink, and set your hearts at rest;
Of a bad market make the best.



CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be;
For what can this world more afford,
Than a lass who will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar with liquor well stor'd,
My brave boys,
And a cellar with liquor well stor'd.

My

My vault-door is open—descend and improve:
That cask, sir, aye, that we will try;
'Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop, see my candle is stuck;
'Twill light us the bottle to hand.
The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

Sound these pipes, they're in tune; search the
bins, they're well fill'd;
View that heap of old hock in the rear.
Yon bottles are Burgundy; mark how they're
pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp; my soldier's my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in view:
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my
casks
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like Macedon's madman, my glass I'll enjoy,
Defying hyp, gravel, or gout.
He cry'd, when he had no more worlds to de-
stroy:
I'll weep when my liquor is out.

'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear shall be
shed,
No HIC JACET be cut on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that his drinking is done.

SINCE there's small difference 'twixt drown-
ing and drinking,
We'll tippie, and pray too, like mariners sink-
ing ;

While they drink salt-water, we'll pledge 'em
in wine,

And pay our devotion at Bacchus's shrine.

O Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us,
And plentiful store of good Burgundy send us !

From cens'ring the state, and what passes
above,

From a surfeit of cabbage, from law-suits, and
love,

From meddling with swords and such danger-
ous things,

And handling of guns in defending of kings.

O Bacchus, &c.

From riding a jade that will start at a feather,
From ending a journey with loss of much lea-
ther,

From the folly of dying with grief or despair,
With our heads in the water, or heels in the air,

O Bacchus, &c.

From the usurer's gripe, from the knaves who
trepan,

That boldly pretend to do more than they can,
From the scolding of women, and bite of mad
dogs,

And wandering over wild Irish bogs,

O Bacchus, &c.

M

From

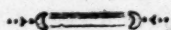
From hunger and thirst, empty bottles and
glasses,
From those whose religion consists in grimaces,
From e'er being cheated by female decoys,
From ham'ring old men, and from reas'ning
with boys.

O Bacchus, &c.

From those little troublesome insects and flies,
That think themselves pretty, or witty, or
wise,—

From carrying a quartan, for mortification,
As long as a Ratisbon consultation,—

O Bacchus, &c.



IN Charles the Second's merry days,
For wanton frolics noted,

A lover of cabals I was,

With wine like Bacchus bloated.

I preached unto my crowded pews,

Wine was by God's command, sir;

And damn'd was he who did refuse

To drink while he could stand, sir.

And this is law I will maintain

Unto my dying day, sir:—

That, whatsoever king shall reign,

I'll drink a gallon a day, sir.

When James the sot assum'd the throne,

He strove to stand alone, sir;

But quickly got so drunk, that down

He tumbled from the throne, sir.

One

One morning—crop-sick, pale, and queer,
By sitting up with gay men,—
He reel'd to Rome, where priests severe
Deny the cup to laymen.
And this is law, &c.

Then Will, the tippling Dutchman sav'd
Our liberties from sinking;
We crown'd him king of cups, and crav'd
The privilege of thinking.
He drank your Holland's gin, 'tis said,
And held predestination :
Fool ! not to know the tippling trade
Admits no trepidation !
And this is law, &c.

When brandy-Nan became our queen,
'Twas all a drunken story ;
I sat and drank from morn till e'en,
And so was thought a Tory.
~~Brim~~ full of wine, all sober folks—
We damn'd, and moderation ;
And for right Nantz, we pawn'd to France
Our dearest reputation.
And this is law, I will maintain,
For ever and for aye, sir :
That, whether king or queen shall reign,
I'll drink a gallon a day, sir.

King George the first then fill'd the throne,
And took the resolution
To drink all sorts of liquors known,
To save the Constitution.

He drank success in rare old rum,
Unto the State and Church, sir,
Till with a dose of Brunswick mum,
He dropp'd from off the perch, sir.
And this is law, &c.

King George the Second then arose,
A wise and valiant soul, sir :
He lov'd his people, beat his foes,
And push'd about the bowl, sir.
He drank his fill to Chatham Will,
To heroes, for he chose them ;
With us true Whigs he drank until
He slept in Abra'm's bosom.
And this is law, &c.

His present Majesty then came,
Whom heaven long preserve, sir !
He glory'd in a Briton's name,
And swore he'd never swerve, sir.
Though evil counsellors may think
His love from us to sever,
Yet let us loyal Briton's drink—
King George the Third for ever !
And this is law I will maintain,
For ever and for aye, sir :—
That, whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll drink both night and day, sir.

TWO gods of great honour, Bacchus and Apollo,

One famous in music, the other in wine,
In heaven were raving, disputing, and brav-
ing,

Whose theme was the noblest, and trade
most divine.

Your music, says Bacchus, would stun us,
and rack us,

Did claret not soften the discord you make,
Songs are not inviting, nor verses delighting,
Till poets of my great influence partake.

I'm young, plump, and jolly, free from me-
lancholy ;

Who ever grew fat by the sound of a string?
Rogues doom'd to a gibbet, do often contri-
bute

To purchase a bottle before they dare swing.
In love I am noted, by old and young courted :
A girl, when inspired by me, is soon won.
So great are the motions of one of my potions,
The Muses, though maids, I could whore
ev'ry one.

When mortals are fretted, perplex'd, or in-
debted,

To me, as a father, for succour they cry :
In their sad conditions, I hear their petitions ;
A bottle revives the oppress'd votary.

Then leave off your tooting, your fiddling and
fluting;

Aside throw your harp, and now bow to a
flask.

My joys they are riper than songs from a piper:
What music is sweeter than sounding a cask?

Says Phoebus—This fellow is drunk, sure, or
mellow,

To prize music less than wine and October;
When those who love drinking are past thoughts
of thinking,

And want so much wit as to keep themselves
sober.

As they were thus wrangling, a scolding, and
jangling,

Came buxom bright Venus, to end the dis-
pute:

Says she—Now to ease ye, Mars best of all
pleas'd me,

When arm'd with a bottle, and charm'd with
a flute.

Your music has charmed me, you wine has
alarm'd me,

When I have been coy, and been hard to
be won:

When both have been moving, I could not
help loving;

And wine has completed what music begun.

The

The gods struck with wonder, vow'd both, by
 Jove's thunder,
 They'd mutually join in suppyling love's
 flame,
 Since each in their function, mov'd on in con-
 junction,
 To melt with soft pleasures the am'rous Dame.



ARIADNE one morning to Theseus was
 turning,
 When missing her man, to the beach down
 she flew,
 Her cries unavailing, she saw, far off sailing,
 His ship, 'fore the wind, less'ning swift to
 her view.
 She tore her fine hair, beat her breast in de-
 spair;
 Spread her arms to the skies, and sunk down
 in a swoon;
 When Bacchus, 'midst æther, begg'd leave of
 his father
 To comfort the Lady: Jove granted the
 boon.
 Then, gently descending, her sorrows be-
 friending,
 His *thyrsus* he struck 'gainst the big-belly'd
 earth,
 When o'er the smooth gravel, in murmuring
 travel,
 A spring of Champaign at her head bubbled
 forth.

She wak'd with the scent, gave her sorrows
fresh vent ;

Yet to drink she determin'd, exhausted by
tears.

She tastes the Champaign, licks her lips—tastes
again,

And feels herself suddenly freed from her
fears.

As still she kept sipping, her heart lightly
leaping,

She look'd upon Thes. as a pitiful elf.

Wine turn'd her to singing, in hopes it would
bring in

A lover — 'twas lonely to drink by her-
self.

The god, her adorer, confess'd stood before
her ;

She hail'd the celestial, she welcom'd the
guest :

Champaign stopp'd resistance, she kept not her
distance,

But jollily clasp'd the young buck to her
breast.

Each girl, given over, betray'd by her lover,

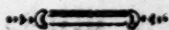
To harts-horn, or salts, or salt-water, may
fly ;

But we've an elixir will properly fix her,

If properly she'll the prescription apply.

The

The recipe's wholesome, 'tis beauty's best
balsam ;
For which we refuse, though to pocket a
fee.
As gratis we give it, girls grateful receive it—
So here's to the practice of love's *beaume de*
vie.

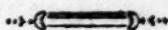


BACCHUS one day gaily striding
On his never-failing tun,
Sneaking empty pots deriding,
Thus address'd each toping son :—
Praise the joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid shrine ;
All things noble, gay, and airy,
Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.

Ancient heroes, crown'd with glory,
Owe their noble rise to me ;
Poets wrote the flaming story,
Fir'd by my divinity.
If my influence is wanting,
Music's charms but slowly move ;
Beauty, too, in vain lies panting,
Till I fill the swains with love.

If you crave a lasting pleasure,
Mortals, this way bend your eyes ;
From my ever-flowing treasure,
Charming scenes of bliss arise.

Here's the soothing balmy blessing,
 Sole dispeller of your pain;
 Gloomy souls from care releasing,
 He, who drinks not, lives in vain!



OH! what had I a-do for to marry?
 My wife she drinks naithing but sack
 and canary.

I to her friends complain'd right airly.

Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,
 hooly and fairly;

Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drunk crummie, and syne she drunk
 garie,

Now she has drunken my bonny gray marie,
 That carried me ay through the dub and the
 larie.

Oh! gin my wife, &c.

If she'd drink but her ain things, I wad na
 much care:

She drinks my claiths I canna well spare.

To th' kirk and the market Ise gang fu' barley.

Oh! gin my wife, &c.

If there's only one siller, she maun keep the
 purse;

If I seek but a baubie, she'll scold and she'll
 curse;

She gangs like a queen, I scrimpet and sparely.

Oh! gin my wife, &c.

I never

I never was given to wrangling nor strife,
Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts o' life.
Ere it came to a war, I am ay for a parley.
Oh! gin my wife, &c.

A pint with the cummere I wad her allow :
But when she sits down, she fills herself sow ;
And when she's sow, she is unco camsterie.
Oh! gin my wife, &c.

She rins out to the casy, she raves and she
rants,
Has na dread of neighbours, nor minds the
house wants.
Roars some foolish lilt out, Take up thy heart,
Charlie.
Oh! gin my wife, &c.

And when she comes haim, she lays on the
lads
She ca's the poor lasses both limmers and jads,
And I my ain sel a poor auld cuckold Carly.
Oh! gin my wife, &c.

DE'IL take the war, that hurry'd Willy
from me,
Who to love me just had sworn ;
They made him captain surely to undo me ;
Woe is me ! he'll ne'er return.

A thousand loons abroad will fight him;

He from thousands ne'er will run;

Day and night I did invite him

To stay safe from sword or gun.

I us'd alluring graces,

With muckle kind embraces:

Now sighing, then crying, tears dropping fall.

And, had he my soft arms

Preferr'd to wars alarms,

By love grown mad,

Without the man of Gad,

I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd, to make me look pro-
voking,

Snares that they told me would catch the
men;

And on my head a huge commode sat poking,

Which made me shew as tall again.

For a new gown too I paid muckle money,

Which with golden flow'rs did shine:

Well might my lover think me gay and bonny,

No Scotch lass was e'er so fine.

My petticoat I spotted,

Fringe, too, with thread I knotted;

Lac'd shoes, and silken hose, too, garter'd over
knee:

But, oh, the fatal thought!

To Willy these were nought,

Who rode to towns,

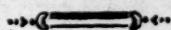
And rifled with dragoons,

When he, silly loon! might have plunder'd me.

WHEN

WHEN war's alarms entic'd my Willy
from me,
My poor heart with grief did sigh ;
Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow
on me,
I woke ere yet the morn was nigh.
No other could delight him :
Ah! why did I e'er slight him,
Coldly answering his fond tale?
Which drove him far,
Amidst the rage of war,
And left silly me, thus to bewail.

But I no longer, though a maid forsaken,
Thus will mourn, like yonder dove ;
For, ere the lark to-morrow shall awaken,
I will seek my absent love.
The hostile country over,
I'll fly, to seek my lover,
Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear :
Nor distant shore,
Nor cannon's roar.
Shall longer keep me from my dear.



II WINNA marry ony mon but Sandy o'er
the Lee ;
I winna marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the
Lee.
I winna ha the Dominee, for gude he canna be ;
But I will ha my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the
Lee ;
For he's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me,
He's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.
I will

I will not ha the minister, for all his godly
looks ;

Nor yet will I the lawyer ha, with all his wily
crooks.

I will not ha the ploughman lad, nor yet will
I the miller :

But I will ha my Sandy lad, without one penny
siller ;

For he's a kissing, &c.

I will not ha the soldier lad, for he gangs to
the war ;

I will not ha the sailor lad, because he smells
of tar ;

I will not ha the Lord nor Laird, for all their
mickle gear :

But I will ha my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er
the meir ;

For he's aye a kissing, &c.



A LASS that was laden with care,
Sat heavily under a thorn ;
I listen'd, and heard the soft fair,
While thus she began for to mourn :
Sa merry as we twa ha been !
My heart, it is like to despair,
When I think on the days I have seen !

When

When thou, my dear shepherd, wast there'
Each bird did so cheerfully sing,
That the cold nipping winter did wear
Soft looks, that resembled the spring.
Sa merry, &c.
No king was so happy as I,
When we parted last time on the green!

Our flocks feeding close by our side,
And he fondly grasping my hand,
I view'd the wide world with much pride,
And laugh'd at desire and command.
Sa merry, &c.
When my heart and my eyes did combine,
To give ease to my languishing swain.

When you, my dear shepherd, thought fit
To disperse the impertinent throng,
What joy and what pleasure was it,
To be with my shepherd alone!
Sa merry, &c.
No king was so happy as I,
When we parted last time on the green!

My dear, he would often times say,
Why are you hard-hearted to me?
And why do you fly so away
From him that is dying for thee?
Sa merry, &c.
I envy'd no Princes or Powers,
When I heard the soft sighs of my swain.

But,

But now he is far from my sight,
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
 Which gares me repent, day and night,
 That ever I granted my love.

Sa merry, &c.

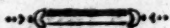
My heart's like to break with despair,
 For the days that are past and gone.

At e'en, when the rest of the folk
 Are thrang'd with their coag and their
 spoon,

I set myself down by yon oak,
 And heartily sigh at the moon.

Sa merry, &c.

My heart's like to break with despair,
 For the days that will ne'er come again !

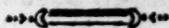


ON Etricks banks, in a summer's night,
 At Gloming, when the sheep drove hame,
 I met my lassie, bra and tight,
 Came wading barefoot a her lane.
 My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kiss'd, and clipt here there fu' lang:
 My words they were nae mony, 'feck.

I said, My lassie, will you go
 To the Highland hills, the Ersh to learn;
 I'll beath gie thee a cow and yew,
 When you come to the brigg of Earn.

At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herring at the Broomy Law;
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

All day, when we ha wrought enough,
 When winter's frost and snow begin,
 And when the sun goes west the Loch,
 At night, when you fa fast to spin,
 I'll screw my drones and play a spring;
 And thus the weary night we'll end,
 Till the tender kids and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.



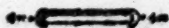
NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
 Laugh and love, and sing with me;
 Cupid is my theme of story,
 'Tis his godship's fame and glory.
 'Tis his godship's fame and glory:
 Ever bending to his law,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha;
 Ever bending, &c.

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
 Cupid takes his share of play,
 He makes heroes quit their glory,
 He's the god most fam'd in story,
 Bending then unto his law,
 Ha, ha - - - - - ha.

Sly

Sly the urchin deals in darts,
 Without pity piercing hearts.
 Cupid triumphs over passions,
 Not regarding modes nor fashions,
 Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law,
 Ha, ha - - - - - ha.

You may doubt these things are true ;
 But they're facts 'twixt me and you,
 Then young men and maids be wary,
 How ye meet before ye marry,
 Cupid's will is solely law,
 Ha, ha - - - - - ha.



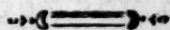
AND gin ye meet a bonny lassie,
 Gie'er a kiss, and let her gae ;
 But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi strae.
 Be sure you dinna quit the grip
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay you twafauld o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blithe and heartsome time ;
 Then lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime
 Before it wither and decay.
 Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook :
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide herself in some dark nook.
 Her laugh will lead you to the place
 Where lies the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your face
 Nineteen na says are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss :
 Upon her finger whoop a ring,
 As taiken of a future bliss.
 These bennisons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the gods indulgent grant :
 Then, surly carls, whisht, forbear
 To plague us with your whining cant.



WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow ?
 That beauteous heaven erewhile serene :
 Whence do these storms and tempests flow ?
 Or what this gust of passion mean ?
 And must then mankind lose that light,
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine ?
 And ly obscur'd in endless night,
 For each poor silly speech of mine ?

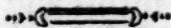
Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
 Since 'tis acknowledged at all hands,
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
 Thy beauty can make large amends ;

Or

Or if I durst profanely try
 Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t'upbraid,
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,
 Nor call thy beauty to it's aid.

For Venus every heart t' ensnare,
 With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
 And Pallas with unusual care,
 Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
 Who can the double pain endure!
 Or who must not resign the field
 To thee, celestial maid, secure
 With Cupid's bow, and Pallas shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
 Let not a wretch in torment live,
 But smile, and learn to copy heaven,
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.
 Yet pitying heaven not only does
 Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
 But even itself appeas'd bestows,
 As the reward of penitence.



TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
 Young Jockey to my cottage came:
 But tho' I lik'd him passing well,
 I careless turn'd my spinning wheel.

My milk-white hand he did extol,
 And prais'd my fingers long and small,
 Unusual joy my heart did feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

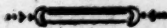
Then

Then round about my slender waist
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd,
To kiss my hand he down did kneel,
But yet I turn'd my spinning wheel.

With gentle voice I bid him rise;
He bless'd my neck, my lips and eyes;
My fondness I could scarce conceal,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

Till bolder grown, so close he prest,
His wanton thoughts I quickly guess'd,
Then push'd him from my rock and reel,
And angry turn'd my spinning wheel.

At last when I began to chide,
He swore he meant me for his bride :
'Twas then my love I did reveal,
And flung away my spinning wheel.



WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions
below,

Which men are forbidden to see ;
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
To set his Eurydice free.
To set his Eurydice free.

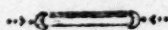
All

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far; but how vast their surprise!

When they heard that he came for his wife!
How vast their surprise!

When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought;
So he gave him his wife back again.
But pity succeeding found place in his heart;
And, pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art;
Such merit had music in hell!



TWAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear:
Bonny Jockey, blyth and gay.
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay:
The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd, no,
no, it will not do;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot
buckle too.

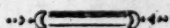
Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
Tho' long he had follow'd the lass,
Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass:

Bonny

Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 At church she no more frowning cry'd, no,
 no, it will not do,
 I cannot cannot, wonnot wonnot, mannot
 buckle too.

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his
 bride,

Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
 She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true;
 Bonny Jockey, blyth and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd, no
 no, it will not do,
 I cannot cannot, wonnot wonnot, mannot
 buckle too.



MY mother oft talk'd of the beaus of the
 town,
 Who by sword-knot, or bag, had gain'd great
 renown,

With powder, pomatum, and various perfumes,
 You may scent out a beau, tho' in different
 rooms.

Well, to London I'm come, to see these fine
 elves;

But I find them so alter'd they don't know
 themselves.

Our beaus (for I find they retain still the name)
 Take a different road to the temple of Fame.

Pantaloons

Pantaloons and short stick, half boots and half
coat,

A neat colour'd handkerchief ty'd round the
throat,

A scrubbing-brush head, with check collar so
fine,

Mark the beaus and the smarts of the year
ninety-nine.

In the days when my mother was airy and
young,

Smart fellows, she says, danc'd, ogled, and
sung;

They dress'd too with care, our hearts to tre-
pan,

Were on tiptoe to please, aye, all to a man.

Now lounging and careless, it plainly appears

That the ton is much alter'd within a few
years;

The fashion of wishing to please is gone by;

Not to please is the plan they successfully try.

Pantaloons, &c.

Now fashion with no bright allurements be-
tray;

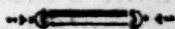
Our belles quite disgusted her vot'ries survey.

When the bosom of beauty owns love's pleas-
ing pain,

'Tis for one of those men who such fashions
disdain.

Take

Take the hint, O ye men: to find grace in
those eyes,
Throw off this disgraceful postilion disguise:
Appear like your fathers, like gentlemen move,
And like them be rewarded with beauty and
love.



IF the man goes but right who follows his
nose,

The waterman always goes wrong;
For one way he looks, while another he rows,
And always keeps stroke with a song.
He'll give you a joke at every stroke,
While his wherry glides smoothly along.

How happy a man might a waterman be,
Were his cares to his boat all confin'd!
He never would launch on a troublesome sea,
To disturb the content of his mind;
For when with his bride, each stroke's against
tide,
Its tugging 'gainst water and wind.

But why should I grieve when I look on my
badge?

When I won it, than Dick, who so merry?
How it drew the black peepers of fair Wands-
worth Madge,

When I step'd from my boat at the ferry!
And bless her black eyes, that stroke won the
prize,

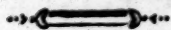
She was the first fair in my wherry.

THO' foster'd in the humble cot,
 My friends of low degree;
 A higher state I envied not,
 While blest with liberty.

Then sweetly danc'd the hours away;
 What sorrow could I prove?
 With all to make the bosom gay,
 Sweet liberty and love.

But now my heart is full of woe;
 Ah, well-a-day poor me!
 The worst of misery to know
 The loss of liberty!

Yet still be calm, my anxious breast,
 Hope comfort from above;
 Kind heav'n again can make me blest
 With liberty and love.

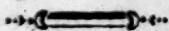


DANS VOTRE LIT! that fond retreat,
 Where warmest fancies rove!
 Yet passions check'd by thoughts discreet,
 Dims the ideal grove:
 The teeming mind so pregnant grown,
 Birth's nought save love of thee,
 Thus stretch'd at ease, and careless thrown,
 Dans votre lit!

Th

The flames! the tortures! I endure,
 Lay smother'd in this breast;
 But sleeping Mira cannot cure
 A slave by love deprest.
 Oh! then awake to hear a swain,
 Now gazing upon thee,
 Confess that fix'd is every pain!
 Dans votre lit!

Then Mira, while you careless sleep,
 In beauty's charms array'd,
 Let softest dreams sensations keep,
 And Love your heart invade;
 So shall exchange leave purest thought,
 Unblemish'd still by me,
 Nor shall dishonour e'er be brought,
 Dans votre lit!



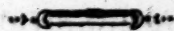
GODDESS of the silver bow,
 To a Maid's petition bend,
 From your service let her go,
 And a manumitius send.

Like dead leaves upon a stalk,
 The rose of youth hath left its bloom,
 Which to mend, an idle talk,
 Is left her moments to consume.

Methinks, dear Goddess, it is hard,
 For one who long hath serv'd you well,
 To be from Hymen's rights debarr'd,
 And doom'd to lead foul apes in hell.

Then since that life is but a span,
Which fleeting time will quickly waste;
I wish you would with mortal man,
My little residue have plac'd.

Then Goddess of the silver bow,
In pity her condition hear,
And give thy votaries to know,
What bliss is left for fifty-two.



THE LOVER.

O H! for a soft and balmy lip,
Ambrosial nectar there to sip,
Waste the dull day and pleasing night,
In extacy's refin'd delight.

THE TOPER.

Give me a large capacious bowl,
Wherein to lave my thirsty soul,
That I may bathe in joys divine,
And quaff unquench'd the rosy wine.

THE MISER.

Plutus alone on me bestow,
That wealth so crav'd by all below,
That I like Midas may enfold,
Unbounded bliss in massy gold.

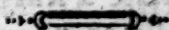
WHY

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

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WHY droops my Nan, and why those tears?
Cheerful, my girl, dispel those fears;
Cast grief aside, while from you far
Tumult'ous billows rock your tar:
While howling winds around him blow,
Let none your bosom ache with woe;
A pow'r benignant from above,
Will guard me for my dearest love.

I go, my Nan, my country's friend,
We're dar'd by foes, we must contend;
Glory and honour both invite,
The youth to fix his native right:
One cheering smile before we part,
Wipe off those drops that sink my heart;
Where'er I go I'll think of you,
One kiss, sweet girl, and then adieu.



RAIL on at joys that are not thine,
That thus thou leer'st with envy's blink,
'Tis not because we drink good wine,
But 'tis that thou hast none to drink;
What though two roads before us lie,
We on no crooked path shall fall;
For that we may not walk awry
We'll drink till we can't walk at all.

Thou say'st that wine's the cause of strife,
That to the brain when it ascends
We quarrel: so do man and wife,
And then, like them, we're better friends:

But here thou shalt not have thy will,
Nor coax good fellows to a brawl;
Rather than of our friends think ill,
We'll drink till we can't think at all.

Thou call'st the glass a foe to love;
Why fool, 'tis Cupid's dearest boast:
What fair did celebrated prove
Till celebrated as a toast?
But imperfection should there be,
That to their lots sometimes may fall,
Rather than faults in ladies see
We'll drink till we can't see at all.

Thou say'st that treason lurks beneath,
And our convivial pleasure sours;
Thou liest, that monster does not breathe,
That dares profane a king like our's:
But our firm loyalty to prove
And choak thee with our ranc'rous gall,
Rather than in a faction move,
We'll drink till we can't move at all.

Yet, after all, abuse our joy,
Indulge this cynic spight of thine;
When thou hast said thy worst, old boy,
Thou can'st not say we drink bad wine.
We envy no man's pleasure, we;
Still ready at each gen'rous call;
Nay, rather than speak ill of thee,
We'll drink till we can't speak at all.

THIS

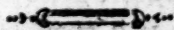
THIS life is queer, we all do know,
From Peer to Sans Culottes ;
Each day succeeding clear doth shew,
Each one's his whim afloat ;
Thus follies, when they spread around,
Shew reason is a treasure ;
And want of it is often found,
When nought we like but pleasure.

The huntsman drives away with speed,
That nought his pace may check ;
He scorns to be behind the lead,
He values not his neck :
The toper reeling to and fro,
And stumbling at his leisure,
Will drink 'till he can't see or go,
Because he thinks it pleasure.

The lover too, with tender sighs,
Doth promise, woo, and pray ;
And vows his dear's " bright sparkling eyes
" Eclipse the Sun's bright ray :"
To slavish courtship he doth bend,
To gain his only treasure,
And hopes that nothing will attend,
To rival his dear pleasure.

Thus Statesmen, parsons, lawyers too,
Each has his different fancy ;
And simple they hold out to view
Their measure to entrance ye :

But in this keen and knowing world,
 Our steps must be at leisure;
 A good look out, with sails unfurl'd,
 Not gaping after pleasure.



YOUNG Harry would a courting go,
 And fain would marry Mog;
 But Kate and Jane, and Betsey too,
 Would no way let him jog:
 With smiles each tried to gain his heart,
 But Hal car'd not a jot;
 For he in truth swore ne'er to part
 With Moggy of the Cot.

Young Moggy was his heart's delight,
 And she lov'd him full well;
 When on the green they danc'd each night,
 There, am'rous tales would tell:
 She'd smile—he'd laugh, with such a glee,
 Was proud to own his lot—
 They marry'd was—Hal paid his fee—
 To Moggy of the Cot.

Poor Dad and Mam were very glad
 To hear the happy news;
 With haste they ran, drest in the plaid,
 The ribbons for to chuse:
 Each lad and lass met on the green,
 To praise young Harry's lot;
 Kate, Jane, and Bet, at church were seen
 With Moggy of the Cot.

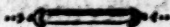
WHERE

WHERE the rising forest spreads,
 Shelter for the lordly dome,
 To their high-built airy beds,
 See the rooks returning home:
 As the larks with varied tune,
 Carol to the evening loud;
 Mark the mild resplendant morn
 Breaking thro' a parting cloud.

Tripping thro' the silken glass,
 O'er the path-divided dale,
 Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
 With her well-pois'd milken pail:
 Linnets, with uncumber'd notes,
 And the cuckow bird with two:
 Turning sweet their mellow throats,
 Bid the setting sun adieu.

YOUTH is nimble, age is lame,
 Young is brisk and bold,
 Age is weak and cold,
 Youth is wild, and age is tame,
 Age I do abhor thee,
 Youth I do adore thee,
 Oh! my love, my love is young—
 Age, I do defy thee;
 For, methinks, thou stay'st too long.

Youth is pleasant, age is cross—
 Youth is full of sport;
 Age's breath is short—
 Youth is gay, and age morose.
 Age, I do abhor thee,
 Youth I do adore thee,
 Oh! my love, my love is young—
 Age, I do defy thee;
 Oh! sweet Colin, hie thee—
 For, methinks, thou stay'st too long.



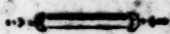
THE gentle maid of whom I sing,
 Once liv'd where Tweed's blue wave
 wave,
 But now the modest flower of spring
 Hangs weeping o'er her dewy grave.
 Fond nymphs! of Mary's fate beware,
 Of perjur'd William's vows take heed,
 Lest you should love and then despair,
 Like gentle Mary of the Tweed.

Tho' long he woo'd the lovely maid,
 And she was faithful in return,
 To every sense of honour dead,
 He fled, and left the fair to mourn.
 Alarm'd at her false lover's flight,
 Her fair companions sought the mead,
 To sink the hopes, in endless night,
 Of gentle Mary of the Tweed.

She

She heard—but scorning to upbraid,
She breath'd alone the secret sigh,
For graceful pride induc'd the maid
To hide her wrongs from ev'ry eye.
Here, in these shades, a prey to grief,
She tun'd to plaintive strains the reed;
'Till death, from woe a blest relief,
Smote gentle Mary of the Tweed.

Now in her turf-bound grave, at rest,
Where yonder willow droops its head,
With hopeless care no more oppress'd,
She sleeps beneath the waving shade.
The cruel wrongs are all forgot
Which forc'd her virgin heart to bleed:
Fond nymphs! be your's a milder lot
Than gentle Mary's of the Tweed.



WIDE o'er the tremulous sea
The moon spread her mantle of light,
And the gale gently dying away,
Breath'd soft on the bosom of night:
On the forecastle Maraton stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;
His tears fell unseen in the flood,
His sighs pass'd unheard in the gale.

Ah, wretch! in his anguish he cry'd,
From country and liberty torn;
Ah! Maraton, would thou hadst died,
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne:

Flow, ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow,
 Soft sleep from mine eye-lids depart,
 And still let the arrow of woe
 Drink deep of the stream of my heart.

But hark!—on the silence of night,
 My Adela's accents I hear!
 And, mournful, beneath the wan light,
 I see her lov'd image appear;
 Oh Maraton!—haste thee, she cries,
 Here the reign of oppression is o'er;
 The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
 And Adela sorrows no more.



A WOMAN is like to—but stay—
 What a woman is like, who can say!
 There's no living with or without one—
 Love bites like a fly,
 Now an ear, now an eye,
 Buz, buz, always buzzing about one.
 When she's tender and kind,
 She is like to my mind,
 (And Fanny was so, I remember)
 She's like to—Oh dear!
 She's as good very near
 As a ripe melting peach in September.

If she laugh, and she chat,
Play, joke, and all that,
And with smiles and good humour she met me,
She is like a rich dish
Of ven'son or fish,
That cries from the table, come eat me!
But she'll plague you, and vex you,
Distract and perplex you, and vex you,
False hearted, and ranging,
Unsettled and changing,
What then do you think, she is like?
Like a sand? like a rock?
Like a wheel? like a clock?
Aye, a clock that is always at strike.
Her head's like the island folks tell on,
Which nothing but monkey's can dwell on;
Her heart's like a lemon—so nice
She carves for each lover a slice;
In truth she's to me,
Like the wind, like the sea,
Whose raging will hearken to no man;
Like a mill, like a pill,
Like a flail, like a whale,
Like an ass, like a glass,
Whose image is constant to no man;
Like a flow'r, like a show'r,
Like a fly, like a pie,
Like a pea, like a flea,
Like a thief, like—in brief,
She's like nothing on earth—but a woman!

IN my club-room so great,
 When I'm seated in state,
 At the head of the table I shine;
 With a hammer in hand,
 Zounds! how I command,
 As I push round the bumpers of wine;
 Then after we've toasted the health of the
 King,
 Mr. Brisket the butcher is call'd on to sing.
Speaks.] Sir, I'll do my best, &c.
 Ma chere amie, &c.

Now I wink, and I stare
 At my next neighbour's chair;
 'Tis with you, Sir, a lady to give;
 A dutchess, at least,
 Must now grace our feast;
 Then the thanks of the room I receive;
 Till silence is call'd all the table along,
 And a bald-pated gentleman sings us a song.
Speaks.] I'll try, gentlemen, &c.
 Time has not thin'd my flowing hair, &c.

Then we drink and we push round the bowl,
 Till a medley, at last, sums up the whole;
 Whilst, so pleas'd, all the club-room declare
 Bobby Batch is the man for a chair!



AT Symond's-Inn I sip my tea,
 Then file a judgment or a plea;
 Inrol a deed in special tail,
 Tax the costs or put in bail.

Speaks.

Speaks.] O, it's a clear case, Sir! the defendant's a married woman, pleads her coverture; you'd better not go on; your client will have all the costs to pay. Will he? dem'me, if mine don't, your's shall! that's all.

Sings.] With sham plea and misnomer;
Nil debet, nulla bona;
Declaration, Replication;
Fieri facias, Special capias;
Affidavit, devastavit;
Clausum fregit, Non elegit;
Non est factum, Nudum pactum;
Demoratur, Allocatur;
Ad satisfaciendum, Et respondendum.

Should a client ask advice,
There's six and eightpence in a trice;
Or treat me to a dinner.

I make him pay
For all I say,
So I'm sure to be the winner.

Speaks.] Sir, you've certainly merits; I'll speak to Mr. Shark, the plaintiff's attorney: pray, Sir, did you knock my client's eye out? No, Sir; we plead a justification to the assault; then, Sir, we must go to trial.

Sings.] With sham plea, &c.

For plaintiff or defendant,
If but the fees we snack,
We never make an end on't,
Till the coat is off his back.

Speaks.

Speaks.] Lord, Sir, only a few extra costs, such as the master won't allow : poor devils of clients pay the piper. Rattling down in post-chaise to the assizes ; hackney-coaches to Westminster-hall ; my gigg on a Sunday ; counsel's fees, tavern bills, and travelling expences.

Sings.] With sham plea, &c.

O LOVE! what the deuce do you want in my bosom ?

Get out of my sight and my heart let alone.
For had I a score I should certainly lose 'em,
As that I possess is no longer my own ;
What means all this thumping, this flutt'ring
and beating ?

O good master Cupid be easy now !
I long every morn for the next village meeting,
Tho' it adds to my pain but I cannot tell
how,

Sing, lara la, lara la, lara,
Lara la, lara, la, lara ;

I can't for the life of me make out the reason,
Why Love is the only thing ne'er out of
season.

Och! when on the green we were all of us
dancing,

'Twas there I first felt the effect of her eyes,
Each moment she'd seize to be privately glanc-
ing,

Fond looks at a heart she had caught by sur-
prise;

She

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

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She shot thro' and thro' like a loud clap of
thunder

My heart a large hole in my bosom did burn,
And fled to her arms; then pray where is the
wonder,

That her own, the dear crater, should send
in return?

Sing lara la, &c.

O Cupid! you're surely of Irish extraction,

O help your poor countryman now at a
pinch;

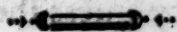
If you'll stand my friend in the heat of the
action,

May I ne'er see Kilkenny again, if I flinch;
I'm not one of those who are given to lying,

I promise no more than I'm able to give,
I hate all your nonsense, your kneeling and
dying,

But I'll love her as long as she chuses to
live.

Sing lara la, &c.



I AM a lad well known in town,

For friendship, mirth, and fun,

Among the fair, the black, the brown,

My daily course I run;

I chat with Bet? I toy with Sall,

I dance with Kate and Sue;

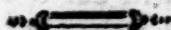
My part I play with ev'ry girl,

So fond of something new.

T.

To kiss and keep it up's my aim,
 For I'm a roving blade ;
 Tom Bowling is my saucy name,
 A rover I by trade ;
 Shall drowsy watchmen me perplex,
 That ramble through the town ;
 I love my bottle and the sex,
 They all my sorrow drown.

Then bring me bowls of generous wine,
 And pledge me with the same ;
 Since life's a jest I'll ne'er repine,
 Despair's an empty name ;
 The fav'rite catch, the sprightly glee,
 That pleasing scenes impart ;
 In flowing numbers welcome me,
 And cheer the merry heart.



THE table clear'd, the wine was brought,
 Says Dick to Tom now that's your sort,
 Come bring the gingling glasses,
 Let love and fancy guess the rest,
 Come fill a bumper of the best,
 And toast our fav'rite lasses.

Then here's to smiling black ey'd Sue,
 The girl that's made for me and you ;
 The paragon of beauty ;
 In her the graces all combine,
 A sparkling eye, a form divine,
 The gods have done their duty.

Next

Next then a glass to bonny Bess,
A girl of spunk we can't do less,
Then prize her as a treasure,
So here's the wench with three times three,
The lass well form'd for love and me,
Ye Bipeds what a treasure.

Choice spirits own that this is life,
Yet bless the sacred name of wife,
If Joan, Kate, Nance, or Molly;
Good wine inspires, do what ye can,
And teaches us to play the man,
So drink, and let's be jolly.

—◆—◆—◆—
WHEN first Miss Kitty came to town,
With round ear'd cap and russet gown,
Mittens nice and straw hat new,
Pattens high and stockings blue;
She tried the rake, she tried—
Spanking Jack was so clever,
So hearty and jolly;
Tho' winds blew great guns,
Still he'd whistle and sing—
Oh! the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom—Though I sweep to and fro,
Yet I'd have ye to know, there are sweepers—
To Anacreon in Heaven where he sat in full
glee,
A few sons of Harmony sent—A
Tinker and a taylor,

A soldier

A soldier and a sailor—To
 Ease his heart and own his flame,
 Young Jockey to my cottage came,
 And tho' she lik'd him passing well,
 She careless tun'd—A
 Beggar I am, and of low degree,
 And I came of a begging family,
 I'm lame, but when—In
 My club room so great, I'm seated in state,
 At the head of the table—I was d'ye
 See a waterman, as tight and spruce as any,
 From Horsly-down to—Five
 And twenty fiddlers all of a row,
 Five and twenty fiddlers all of a row,
 There was fiddle faddle, treble bass and double,
 Stop, short, flats, and sharps.
 It is Bet Jenks's birth day,
 Therefore we'll keep holliday,
 We come for to be merry.

SINCE our foes to invade us have long been
 preparing,
 'Tis clear they consider we've something worth
 sharing,
 And for that mean to visit our shore;
 It behoves us, however, with spirit to meet 'em,
 And tho' t'will be nothing uncommon to beat
 'em,
 We must try how they'll take it once more.

The charms of this fair one a villager caught,
 A noble and rich one was he,
 Great offers he made, but by Nancy was
 taught

That a poor girl right honest might be.
 She still gather'd wild flowers, and lillies, and
 roses,
 And cry'd thro' the village—"Come buy my
 sweet posies."

The father of Nancy a forester was,
 And a poor little stroller was she,
 But her lover so noble soon married the lass,
 She's as happy as maiden could be:
 No more gather'd wild flowers, and lillies, and
 roses,
 Nor cry'd thro' the village—"Come buy my
 sweet posies."

IN the tenth book of Job, which I now mean
 to quote,
 At the third and fourth verses you'll find it thus
 wrote :

Old Moses invited some prophets to dine,
 And drink a few bottles of gooseberry wine,
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Then Moses was plac'd in the chair in a trice,
 And Aaron, his crony, deputed his vice;
 When the glass moving quick, and the wine
 being strong,
 Moses declared they should each sing a song.

They all look'd askew, which friend Moses
soon saw,
But what Moses said, why you know, sir, was
law ;
So he frankly declar'd, that shou'd any de-
cline,
He wou'd fine each defaulter a bumper of
wine.

Then Aaron sung first, as *vice*-president shou'd,
And stated the law as at that time it stood,
When the thumb-stick he handled and said,
with a nod,
They wou'd soon see their president drunk as
a hog.

Then Elijah, Elisha, and old Ezekiah,
Begg'd leave to tell Moses it was their desire,
Since each man must sing, to obey his decree,
That, with his permission, they'd give him a
glee :

GLEE.—How merrily we live that pro-
phets be,
Round the world we roam with pious glee,
Foretelling great events to a certainty.—
adlibitum.

Little David it seems was the next of their
choice,
For they very well knew he'd an excellent
voice ;
But he vow'd he couldn't sing—they swore it
was a thumper,
And poor little David was fin'd in a bumper,
Then

Then Solomon rose, resplendent in glory,
 And said he had much rather tell them a story;
 But the cry against that was a great deal too
 strong,
 For they would have nothing but "Solomon's
 song."

SOLOMON'S SONG.—I've kiss'd and I've prattled
 with fifty fair maids,
 And chang'd them as oft do you see;
 But of all the fair damsels that dance on the
 green,
 Dear Sheba's the queen for me, &c.

Rear-Admiral Noah, whom much has been
 said of;
 And his jaunt on the water, which we have all
 read of;
 Not liking thin gooseberry, call'd for a dram,
 And then gave 'em the song which he sung to
 young Ham.

NOAH'S SONG.—And bearing up to gain the
 port,
 Some well known object had in view;
 An Abbey tower, or harbour fort,
 Which e'er the flood old Noah knew;
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 By the mark seven.

Then

Then Ezekiel rose next, sir, a very great
 smoker,
 But in lighting his pipe, burnt his nose with the
 poker,
 Being skilful in music, and proud of his voice,
 With exquisite fancy this song was his choice.

EZEKIEL'S SONG.—Of the Ancients, its speak-
 ing, my soul you'd be after,

That they never got how came you so ;
 Wou'd you seriously make the good folks die
 with laughter,

To be sure the dog's tricks we don't know.
 With your smillilo nonsense and all your queer
 bodder,

Since whiskey's a liquor divine ;
 To be sure the old Ancients, as well as the
 Moderns,

Did not love a sly sup of good wine,
 Did not, &c.

Next Habbakuk rose, for they took 'em in
 course,

But Habbakuk's cold had made Habbakuk
 hoarse ;

He declared he cou'dn't sing any more than
 the moon,

But if Moses pleas'd he wou'd whistle a tune.—
 “ *Lillabullero.* ”

Jeremiah rose next, sir, at Moses' desire,
 Whom wit, sir, nor wine, cou'd never in-
 spire ;

O

And

And in strains which wou'd suit the commemoration,
He sung them a verse of his own Lamentation.

Then up rose little Jonah, who look'd like a jelly,
For he was just come, sir, from out the whale's belly;
For three days and three nights he was left to despair,
So he sung unto Moses what he suffer'd there.

JONAH'S SONG.—Cease rude Boreas, blustering railer,
List ye landsmen all to me;
Messmates hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea.

In the horrid belly pent, sir,
Think on what I suffered there;
Forc'd to keep a dismal Lent, sir,
And to breathe infectious air:

Nought but fish to feed upon, sir,
And compell'd to eat it raw;
For my hopes were almost gone, sir,
Ere I left the monster's jaw.

Then Sampson rose next, once in prowess so big,
But at that time friend Sampson had just got his wig;

He

He related the tale of his dire mishap,
How his wife shav'd his head, as he slept in
her lap.

SAMPSON'S SONG.—Oh dear what can the mat-
ter be,

Oh dear what can the matter be,

Sampson has lost all his hair,

Oh that I e'er should have taken so sound a nap,

Oh that I e'er should have taken it in her lap,

Oh that I had but tied on my red night cap,

That Sampson had ne'er lost his hair.

Oh dear what can the matter be,

Mercy on me, what can the matter be, &c.

ad libitum.

They next call'd on Job, as a song was his
forte,

And they begg'd, as 'twas late, that his song
might be short;

So he sung Chevy chace, to a dismal psalm
tune,

Which the prophets all thought wou'd have
lasted till noon.

Now Moses, it seems, sir, who good hours
kept,

Whilst they sat a singing, why he sat and slept;

But wak'd by the noise, sir, of calling *encore*,

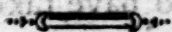
He bid them get home, for they shou'd drink
no more.

Well-bred Aaron, it seems, sir, at this took
offence,

And swore want of good manners shew'd want
of good sense;

This caus'd a dispute, some reflections were
cast,

But for decency's sake, we'll not mention
what past.



SINCE Dick and Nell were man and wife,
They lov'd each other dearly;

Their days had all been free from strife:

And time had glided chearly.

They thought of all the wedded throng,

Their plea must first be taken;

So cheek by jowl they jogg'd along,

To claim the flitch of bacon.

Now, on the road, says Dick to Nell,

"If things are manag'd fairly;

In future we'll do passing well—

Odbobs we'll guttle rarely!

We ne'er have quarrell'd day or night,

So faith I'm much mistaken,

If e'er a pair have half the right

To claim the flitch of bacon."

"My dear," says Nell, "to sell the flitch,

Do let me now persuade ye;

'Twill help to make you mainly rich,

And I so fine a lady.

So

So say no more, but let the prize
 To market straight be taken,
 For sure 'twill prove us monstrous wise,
 To sell the flitch of bacon."

Now each persisting, tit for tat,
 On their respective cases,
 They fought at last like dog and cat,
 And scratch'd each other's faces.
 Thus those who strive to gut their fish
 Before 'tis safely taken,
 Like Dick and Nell, oft spoil their dish,
 Who lost the flitch of bacon.



WHEN Sandy told his tale of love,
 I knew na' what to do,
 For mither did not him approve,
 But I did much him loo.
 I told her, but it ga'e me pain,
 I wad hae him or none,
 And soon at Kirk, across the plain,
 The parson made us one.
 Ever jocund a' the day,
 Now a bonny bride sae gay,
 Sandy pipes, I dance and sing,
 While the merry bells do ring,
 Ting ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding.

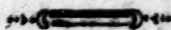
My mither did wi' anger burn,
 To hear that I wa' wed,
 She vow'd (and did me from her spurn)
 She ne'er wou'd give me bread:

For much she doubted Sandy's truth,
 But when his worth she knew,
 She cried, I will embrace the youth,
 For now I ken he's true.

Ever jocund, &c.

Wi' Sandy, in a pleasant cot,
 Sae happy now I live,
 I wou'd na' change my rura' spot,
 For a' that man cou'd give;
 The empty shew of pride and wealth
 We dinna' wish to have,
 For we are blest with peace and health,
 And nothing more we crave.

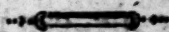
Ever jocund, &c.



SWEET maid, I hear thy frequent sigh,
 And mourn to see thy languid eye;
 For well I know these symptoms prove
 Thy heart a prey to secret love.
 But tho' so hard a fate be thine,
 Think not thy grief can equal mine:
 Hope may thy vanish'd bloom restore;
 I sigh for him who lives no more!

The youth for whom thy bosom sighs,
 Shall oft delight thy conscious eyes;
 And oft his voice, in accents sweet,
 Shall Friendship's soothing tone repeat;
 But he for whom my cheek is pale,
 For whom my health and spirits fail,
 Nought to my eyes can e'er restore,
 And I shall hear his voice no more!

Thou, in existence, still canst find
 A charm to captivate thy mind,
 To make the morning ray delight,
 And gild the gloomy brow of night;
 But Nature's charms to me are fled!
 I nought behold but Henry dead!
 What can my love of life restore?
 I sigh for him who lives no more!



EXCHANGING vows of love and truth,
 Beside a purling stream
 Sat Joe and Jane, in prime of youth,
 And love was all their theme:
 Gin ye can loo me, lass, he cry'd,
 And loo but only me,
 Ye soon shall be a bonny bride,
 And I'll be true to thee, lassie.

A wee house o'er the bourn ye see,
 Wi' thatch well cover'd o'er;
 'Twill shelter gi'e to thee and me,
 And what shou'd we want more.
 Gin ye can loo me, &c.

Let others follow fame and wealth,
 For greater joys I sigh;
 I ask of Heaven sweet ease and health,
 With thee to live and die.
 Gin ye can loo me, &c.

YOU

YOU ask me, sweet maid, if my vows are
sincere,

And call for some proof of my love;
Still doubting my passion, I see but too clear—

But, pr'ythee, such fancies remove:
Or if, as you say, lovers' vows are but breath,

O set me some task to perform!
And I'll brave it, tho' circled by peril or death,

And smile as I buffet the storm:
But this, this, believe me, can poorly express
How truly, how dearly I love thee.

Nay, bid me some action or enterprize dare,
That men, though the boldest, would shun;
And whether by water, earth, fire, or air,
I'll do it, if 'tis to be done.

And if still a doubt in thy fancy remains,
Injurious to love and to me,
O fetter me more, if you can, with your chains!
Nor ever—oh, no!—set me free.

But this, this, believe me, can poorly express
How truly, how dearly I love thee.

O let my fond vows some favour obtain,
And pleasure succeed to my toil!

Accept them, dear girl, and, to banish my pain,
O crown the kind words with a smile!

Ah, yes! for there's surely a pleasure divine
In the smile of the girl we adore—

A promise so soft, that no words can define:
It says that your doubts are no more;

That now you believe—what no words can ex-
press—

How truly, how dearly I love thee.

YES,

YES, yes, be merciless, thou tempest dire !
Unaw'd, unshelter'd, I thy fury brave ;
I'll bare my bosom to thy forked fire,
Let it but guide me to Alonzo's grave :
O'er his pale corse, then, while thy light'nings
glare,
I'll press his clay-cold limbs, and perish there.

But thou wilt wake again, my boy,
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy,
Thy father never !
Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
Unconscious that eternal night
Veils his for ever !

On yon green bed of moss there lies my child ;
O safer lies, from these chill'd arms apart !
He sleeps, sweet lamb ! nor heeds the tempest
wild—

O sweeter sleeps, than near this breaking
heart !
Alas ! alas, my babe ! if thou would'st peace-
ful rest,
Thy cradle must not be thy mother's breast !—

Yet thou wilt wake again, my boy,
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy,
Thy father never !
Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
Unconscious that eternal night
Veils his for ever !

THE glist'ning tear that virtue shed
 Shone bright in fair Cecilia's eye:
 Love's keenest arrow swiftly fled,
 And left the maid alone to sigh.
 Her cheeks outvied the blushing rose,
 Her form was graceful and divine:
 With heartfelt pain she oft arose;
 For cruel Love she'd sadly pine.

With gentle heart, and pensive mind,
 Cecilia wander'd far and near;
 By fate decreed her love unkind,
 She sigh'd, alas! and dropp'd a tear.
 Fair Beauty wept, with grief depress'd;
 'Twas absence caus'd the ling'ring smart;
 Her peace disturb'd, depriv'd of rest,
 Affliction pierc'd her aching heart.

GOD save great George our King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King!

Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,
 Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall.

Confound

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks!
On him our hearts are fix'd,
O save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleas'd to pour,
Long may be reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

O! grant him long to see
Friendship and unity.
Always increase:
May he his sceptre sway,
All loyal souls obey,
Join heart and voice, huzza!
God save the King!

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's com-
mand,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, &c.
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian Angels sung this strain:
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.

The

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,
 Must in, &c.
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great
 and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 More dreadful, &c.
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 All their, &c.
 Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belong the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 Thy cities, &c.
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

The muses still with freedom found,
 Shall to the happy coast repair,
 Shall to, &c.
 Bless'd isle! with beauties, with matchless
 beauties crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.

THE END.



